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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHAMPION—WEDNESDAY MARCH 15 1950

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PUNCH



MARCH
15
1950

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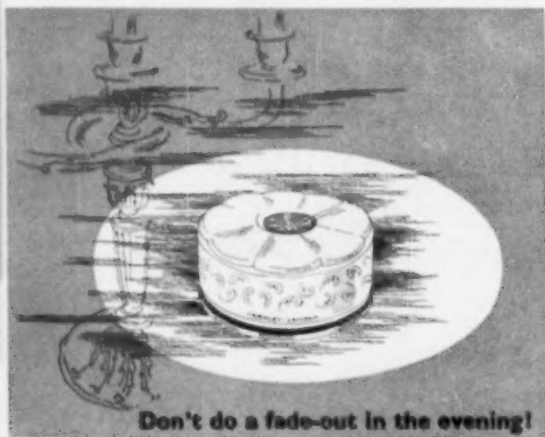
PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



THE WORD
FOR TOFFEE



EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
of Maidstone
"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"



For successful make-up when the lights come on — keep off the dark side! Match your powder carefully with your skin-tone. If you're fair, consider Yardley English Peach, Cameo or Champagne. Brunettes will get flattering results with Pink Pearl or Money Glow. Deep Brunettes should try Rose Tan. Among the nine graduated Yardley shades there is always one which will help you light up your own good looks, not only at night, but all day too. Price incl. p. tax 4/6

YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON

the vogue is Votrix!



SWEET 10/-
DRY 12/6

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

ANNE SHELTON LIGHTS UP



ANNE SHELTON at rehearsal — with a smile and a Ronson! "The Ronson is a gem of a lighter — so give or to get," says the famous radio singer. "It's the perfect accompaniment for any occasion — always strikes the right note!" All Ronson lighters are precision-built, with single-finger, one-motion safety action. The Ronson service guarantees a lifetime of constant use from every Ronson!

Press, it's lit — Release, it's out!

Every Ronson a Masterpiece
of Craftsmanship

RONSON WORLD'S
GREATEST LIGHTER

AVOID IMITATIONS — LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**



A favourite Ronson, the Standard Butler. Price 38/6

Do I swim flat
or folded?



No frivolity, please. A far more important thing for you to know about me, the Famous British Kipper (I'm one of the Nation's industrial secrets, by the way), is that I am once more enabling Peck's to make KIPPAVETTE. Remember this smoothly pungent "relish" pre-war?—containing the concentrated glory of my inimitable appetising flavour, stepped up and blended with an anchovy or so? Epicures of all ages! Note very carefully that you can once again get Peck's Kippavette from your grocer's.

PECK'S KIPPAVETTE

From all high-class grocers and stores

HARRY PECK & CO. LTD., DEVONSHIRE GROVE, LONDON, S.E.15

By themselves— Weston's Cream Crackers



You may be fond of cheese, or jam, or honey, and yet prefer Weston's Cream Crackers by themselves. Flaky, light, and creamy in flavour, they are very specially made from the finest ingredients obtainable.

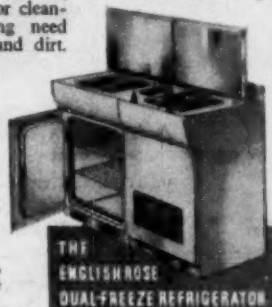
Weston's
BISCUITS



Do you shut the door on your kitchen in shame? Not when it's an ENGLISH ROSE Kitchen. This is a kitchen of which you can be justly proud. See the gleaming easy-to-clean enamel finish, the stainless steel work-top, the compactness, the thoughtful placing, and say goodbye to hours of kitchen drudgery. No more bending and stretching to out-of-reach cupboards, hunting for things that should be at hand. There is a place for everything with an ENGLISH ROSE Kitchen, and whether it be food, china, soap, brushes or cleaning materials, nothing need be exposed to dust and dirt. One unit or a complete kitchen can be supplied. Send today for the booklet which fully describes the ENGLISH ROSE Kitchen.

FEATURES INCLUDE

- ★ Lift-up stainless steel top can be used as a work top when closed.
- ★ Zero storage compartment holds approx. 40 lb. of frozen food.
- ★ Normal refrigerator has a capacity of approx. 5 cu. ft. and is divided into three sections.
- ★ Made entirely of aluminium and stainless steel and finished in cream, pastel green or white enamel.



The No. 30 Dual Freeze Refrigerator has been specially designed for the storage of frozen foods at zero temperature and other foods and drinks at normal refrigeration temperatures. This unit brings refrigeration right-up-to-date with modern requirements.

PRODUCTS OF C-S-A INDUSTRIES LTD · WARWICK

L.G.B.



*"I'm your
hairdresser...
Take my
advice"*



A Jamal wave brings out
your individuality. All we
hairdressers know it's
right for any hairstyle—
short or long."

Jamal

LUXURIOUS PERMANENT WAVING

...MACHINELESS

...KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

GAD

ANNOUNCING

3 leg lengths



Another milestone in
stocking history! Kayser
Bondor's famous "Style 55"
stockings are now being
proportioned in 3 leg-lengths.
Isn't it wonderful — three
different proportions to give
your leg an individual, made-
to-measure fit! And that's why these
beautifully-made pure silk and rayon
stockings will wear much longer, too.
If you're small or slender, ask for
"Shorts"; if average, say "Medium";
the "Longs" are for long or larger legs.

PRICE 7/2 per pair

KAYSER BONDOR

full fashioned stockings

A name with great associations . . .

GRENFELL*

RAINCOATS

GOLF JACKETS

SPORTSWEAR



*So called after Sir Wilfred GRENFELL of
Labrador for whom this cloth was originally
woven, after long research for a material which
would combine warmth, comfort, light-weight
and weather protection. Since then, leaders
in the fields of sport, exploration and scientific
research have adopted GRENFELL garments as
standard wearing apparel.

HAYTHORNTHWAITE & SONS LIMITED
LODGE MILL BURNLEY LANC'S

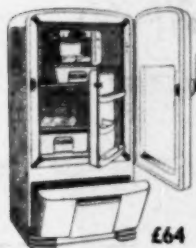




Ten days ago these two came to the conclusion that a refrigerator was something they had to have. Last Saturday they went into the matter—with lots of literature, their one-and-only bank statement, and the help and advice of everybody within reach. Today . . . Today they know their minds, and this is what they know. First, price. What with purchase tax and production costs, no modern refrigerator is exactly cheap . . . but, size for size, Prestcold prices are the lowest. Next, quality. Many refrigerators are perfectly good . . . but on every practical point a Prestcold is better. From the way it's built to the way it looks, for cool efficiency, small running costs, planned and roomy storage, accessible extra space, a Prestcold is quite simply the finest refrigerator you can buy.

5 year guarantee!

Every Prestcold Domestic Refrigerator is powered by the exclusive 'Presmetic' hermetically sealed unit which carries a 5 year guarantee for your protection!



£64
plus £15. 19. 10 tax.

Illustrated on the left is family model S.472 net capacity 4.7 cu. ft., incorporating the 'Prestador' inner door for extra food storage. Price £64 plus £15. 19. 10. tax. Also available is the table-top model S.311 net capacity 3.1 cu. ft., for the smaller home. Price £45 plus £11. 3. 7. tax. Both made by the largest manufacturers of automatic refrigerators in Britain.

PRESTCOLD

REFRIGERATORS

the best — at the lowest cost!

In addition there is a comprehensive range of Prestcold equipment for commercial use. Full details on request. PRODUCT OF PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.



How fresh is a daisy?

A room where O-Cedar Polish has been at work—it's as fresh as any daisy. The air's sweet and free from dust. The furniture glows with the special beauty of burnished wood. Paint and enamel work, porcelain and glazed tiles—all testify to O-Cedar's shining efficiency. Yes; and dusting, cleaning and polishing need only one easy operation, when you use O-Cedar.

★ Don't forget to maintain the properties of your O-Cedar Mop by moistening the pad occasionally with a little O-Cedar Polish.

It's O, so easy . . . O, so economical . . .

O-Cedar

POLISH
Cleans as it polishes.

**H.M.V.
HORIZONTAL
TOASTER**





THE H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE DIVISION OF THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX

THESE ARE THE ADVANTAGES:

- Quick, uniform toasting.
- Accurate toasting by manual control.
- Easy to clean.
- Separate lid is also an elegant toast-rack (see illustration).
- AC/DC 100-110, 120-130, 200-210, 220-230, 240-250 Volts.

Price 4 GNS.

This is the simplest, most compact of toasters yet has the largest single toasting area, and will take any shape or size of scones, muffins, crumpets, tea-cakes, bread, etc.

If you like to have safe, efficient, handsome, electrical equipment in your home, send this coupon for illustrated list of H.M.V. Household Appliances, or call at a good electrical retailer.



To The Gramophone Company Limited
(Household Appliances Division)
Hayes, Middlesex

NAME

ADDRESS

P.6

THE H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE DIVISION OF THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX

Dewar's "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY

Maximum retail prices
33/4 per bottle
17/8 per half-bottle
As fixed by
The Scotch Whisky Assoc.



Och! the THOUGHT of it!



Unshrinking aristocrat

Men who like crisply tailored shirts will appreciate this specimen from our Man's shop. In thoroughly Shrunken Sea Island cotton poplin in a very fine two-fold yarn. Coat style, two collars (with good tie space). Neat Bengal and pin stripes. 14" to 17" necks. Price 6/4. Post orders invited. Also shirts to measure from our large stock of shirtings.

Liberty
of Regent
Street

Modest Symbol

Benson & Hedges have dealt in cigars for nearly a hundred years—long enough to know that a good cigar needs no extravagant claims; long enough to be sure that their specially imported La Diadema cigars are fitting for any occasion when only the best will do.

BENSON and HEDGES
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

FROM ALL
LEADING TOBACCONISTS

TOOTAL TIES a tonic for Spring

Ties right for every occasion from office conference to a day at the races, at prices so low you can really spread yourself. In long wearing, washable colours that stay bright; made from fabrics marked "FEBILIZED" for tested crease-resistance. Good stores and men's outfitters can equip you completely with TOOTAL ties at a cost low enough to surprise you.



TOOTAL TIES

crease-resisting and washable

3/- Popular Standard 3/11 & Sports 5/6 Special
All prices include Purchase Tax. "TOOTAL" and "FEBILIZED" are Registered Trade Marks.
TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

Goodbye to 'The Strand'

The "Strand" Magazine, enjoyed and venerated by generations of readers, has made its last appearance on the bookstalls. To preserve and safeguard its title, its name has now been incorporated with that of its stable companion, MEN ONLY.

Men who miss the "Strand" will appreciate its younger contemporary, MEN ONLY, a magazine reared in the same tradition; covering much common ground; sharing many of the same writers; enjoying the same high standard of writing and illustration.

MEN ONLY is produced exclusively by men—for men—about men. It was the first of the popular pocket magazines, and is unique in that field. Its articles, salted with wit, sound sense and critical judgment, cover sport, travel, clothes, food, drink, the countryside, motoring, flying and all male interests. Its humorous drawings in colour, no less than its delightful camera studies, are an institution all over the world.

If you enjoyed the "Strand" you will enjoy MEN ONLY.

men only

★ SPECIAL INVITATION TO EX-SERVICEMEN. The Editor will be pleased to consider short, amusing war-time experiences for a New Series:—
"DO YOU REMEMBER?"

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS—1/6 MONTHLY



The April Number of MEN ONLY, now on sale, includes articles by Geoffrey Gilbey, Nagley Farnon, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, A. G. Street, S. P. B. Mott, Lt.-Col. T. A. Lewis, Hilton Cleaver, George Marocco, Alan Whicker and "Julius," and the monthly Paris Letter by Jean Qui Rit.

If you have not seen MEN ONLY write to George Newman, Ltd. (MKD.23), Tower House, Southamptons Street, Strand, London, W.C.2 for a free copy of a special miniature edition, which has been prepared to introduce the magazine to new readers.

David Cope's Gallery

OF FAMOUS 'CHASERS



PRINCE REGENT
(1935)
b.z. by Mr. Prince—
Nurse

PRINCE REGENT, bred by Mr. A. H. Maxwell and owned by Mr. J. V. Rank, first raced at the age of five. Won Irish Grand National in 1942 (carrying 12 st. 7 lb.), was second in 1943 and 1944. In 1946, won Cheltenham Gold Cup and Champion Chase, was favourite in Grand National, finishing third to Lovely Cottage to whom he was conceding 2 st., and Jack Finlay.

The continuing tradition of the British Turf has its counterpart in the unbroken service which has been offered to sportsmen by David Cope, Ltd., for more than half a century. Our free, illustrated brochure describes that service.



DAVID COPE LTD. LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

Fine stable-companions..

"SPORTSMAN" JACKET

As sporty as a sports jacket—but more dressy than a hacking or riding coat. Ideal for those in-between occasions when you might be an energetic participant or a casual onlooker. Points to notice: slanting pockets, side or centre slits, collar open or to button-up. Cloth to choose: Scotch homespuns, Saxons or West of England Tweeds. All regular sizes in stock. (Special measures slight extra charge.) **£9.7.5d.**

"SPORTSWEAR" TROUSERS

They're new but traditional! Modern in cut and styling—perfectly tailored from Riding Materials in all weights made famous by Harry Hall throughout sixty years of breeches making. They're comfortable and ideal for casual town, country and sportswear. All stock sizes. In Fawn, Stone or Tan. See them at the First Floor Shop or write for patterns to Dept. P.

From **92/6d.**



Pure Highland Wool only is used to knit this extra-soft Handmade Rollneck Pullover. Weighs under 6 to 8 oz., yet wears like a dog's coat. Washes as easily as a sock and retains perfect shape. Canary Yellow. Sizes: 30-32 12. 14. 16. 34-36 12. 14. 16. 18.



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205-207 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
(OXFORD CIRCUS END) Telephone: REGENT 9601



ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE Paintwork made like NEW for 1/-

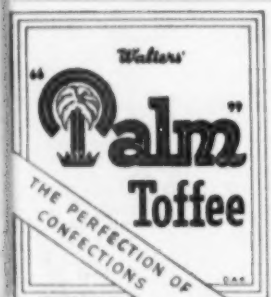
A 1/- tin of Gumption can save you the cost of redecorating—as well as the inconvenience. It quickly removes dirt and marks and provides the surface in anti-chipped or flaking, will leave the paintwork looking like new.

1/-



Gumption is wonderful for cleaning everything in your home. It contains glycerine to keep your hands soft. If you have not used Gumption before, buy a tin tomorrow. If it does not do all we claim, post us the part-used tin and we will refund your money. A 2/6 tin contains 3 times as much as a 1/- tin.

GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD.
Melier House, Albemarle St., London, W.1



SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE
SAUCE MELBA

also various other
Sauces, Pickles,
Chutney and Fish
and Meat Pastes

Escoffier

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ESTABLISHED 1768

SCARVES

KEITH SCOTLAND



My little Chilprufe man

Chilprufe's easy comfort keeps him snug and safe in all weathers. There's wonderful protection in this finest Pure Wool, made so soft, smooth and durable by the secret Chilprufe process. Chilprufe washes perfectly and always retains its shape and beautiful finish. Can you wonder that I always insist on Chilprufe for my baby?

Chilprufe

for CHILDREN

Also Chilprufe Outerwear, Shoes, Toys and TAILORED COATS for Children. Ask your Chilprufe agent or write for CATALOGUE.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

Keep Your Nails Clean, and Hands Well Groomed!

Perox Chlor is the Magic Nail Cleaner and Hand Beautifier. It takes out the dirt, makes the tips Ivory White and leaves the hands SOFT, WHITE and FRAGRANT.

Your nails and hands will always look well groomed when using this NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. NO MESS!! NO BOTHER!! Just squeeze a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands. Presto!! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately.

Thousands use Perox Chlor every day. And what a boon it is to surgeons, doctors, gardeners, motorists, housewives, typists, nurses, sailors, soldiers, airmen, farmers and many more besides.

From all Chemists and Stores. In tubes and jars.

★ OUR GUARANTEE. We guarantee that Perox-Chlor is made from materials selected as being the best of their kind, produced in an original manner and designed to produce an article of outstanding merit. It is guaranteed to keep in good condition until used and may be stored in any kind of climate.

KEENE'S Perox-Chlor

A marvel of Scientific Chemistry

KEENE'S LABORATORIES LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, E.

- LANDSCAPE
- SHOP ASSISTANT
- TYPIST
- COOK
- KNITTER
- FARMER
- NANNY
- BANKER
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- MOTORIST
- WAITRESS
- GOLFER
- SCHOOLGIRL
- SCHOOLMASTER
- ENGINEER
- CLEANER
- JOCKEY
- DENTIST
- LAWYER

- GARDENER
- SCHOOLBOY
- CLERGYMAN
- FISHERMAN
- SWEEP
- POSTMAN
- MINER

STAINLESS STEEL

In craftsmanship there is no alternative to beauty; no substitute for quality. In tableware the assurance of both comes with the name 'OLDE HALL'—a name that is accepted and appreciated by women throughout the world.

Part of the BALMORAL TEA SET

Product of J. & J. WIGGIN LTD.

OLD HALL WORKS, BLOKVIC, WALSLEY

Automatic HEAT IN YOUR HOME

By fitting an Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Stoker to your central heating boiler you can ensure the comfort and convenience of continuous, predetermined heating.

You will welcome, too, the fuel economy effected with even the poorer grades of coal. Ask the makers for details.

Iron Fireman

Automatic Coal Stokers

ASHWELL & NESBIT LIMITED
BARKBY ROAD, LEICESTER

NIGROIDS

(Licorice and menthol pellets) are soothing for sore throats and save the voice strain of speakers, singers and actors. In handy pocket containers at all chemists.

Manufacturers:
FERRIS & Co., Ltd., BRISTOL

To sufferers from

Catarrh and COLDS

You know only too well the discomfort and misery of catarrh. The flavourless food. Difficult breathing. Fitful sleep. Do not endure it any longer. Go to your Doctor at once.

Argotone is the accepted treatment. It contains Ephedrine to clear congestion of nose and throat, Silver Vitellin to disinfect inflamed tissues, and normal saline to tone up mucous membranes. For years scientists tried to combine these three ingredients in a stable solution. At long last this has been achieved in Argotone—but only in Argotone. Insist on Argotone.

ARGOTONE

NASAL DROPS

Contain no Oil or Sulphanomides

Mum loves Mackintosh's

Of course she does. She's known Mackintosh's all her life, that's why she says "made by Mackintosh's—then they must be good!"



Molly loves Mackintosh's

—she thinks their chocolates and toffees are simply wizard—and lets it go at that!



... today everybody's Favourite is



JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LIMITED, HALIFAX

ON BEING DRIVEN TO DRINK

No. 1

THE QUIZ-KID

"HOW far do you have to dig to reach Australia?"

"WHICH do you like best—greenfly or wireworms?"

"WHY do you keep leaning on your spade like that?"



You wouldn't have started on this blessed plot at all if you'd known the Quiz-Kid was going to turn up. How? Which? Why? And now listen to him: "Why don't you get a real gardener to do your digging?" Really, it's enough to drive you to drink...



But that doesn't matter
as long as you drink

KIA-ORA

the most delicious of all fruit drinks

LEMON · ORANGE · GRAPE FRUIT
LIME · LEMON BARLEY

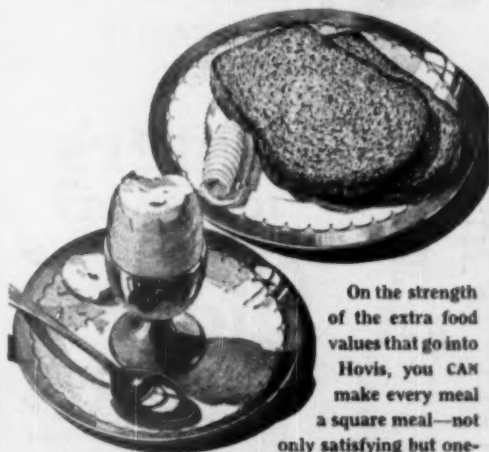


This egg beater lasts a lifetime!

It does all the beating jobs in the kitchen, quicker and without effort... Thanks to smooth, easy running gears, and eight stainless steel blades that beat faster! It's the perfect gift for the busy housewife. Costs a little more—21/- (including Purchase Tax) but outlasts all others. From all good Stores and Ironmongers.

Prestige egg beater

Every meal a square meal...



On the strength of the extra food values that go into Hovis, you CAN make every meal a square meal—not only satisfying but one-and-a-half times more nourishing...

and thank **Hovis**
for that

"Glad you like this sherry —it's South African"

It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day . . .

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference?

Well, this is a truly representative South African wine. You see, though the Cape has been for centuries one of the world's finest wine countries, it couldn't compete in Britain with European countries until Empire wines got a duty preference twenty years ago. That backed up the South African industry.

But why haven't we tasted such wines before?

Because really fine wines are achieved by selectivity, experiment and slow maturing. South Africa has done as much in twenty years with some wines as the Continent has in generations.

Only certain wines, then?

So far. All are good, but not all are fine. The improvement is naturally progressive.

Were South African wines well-known here before the preference twenty years ago?

Now you're delving into history. They used to be very popular. But in 1860 Mr. Gladstone removed the Colonial Preference and sent the South African wine industry into the wilderness.

Is that likely to happen again?

I hope not. Imperial Preference has encouraged the South African wine growers to tremendous efforts. The British Government is not likely to lead such an important Empire Industry up the garden again. It wouldn't make sense.

So we can look forward to several kinds of really fine wines from South Africa?

You certainly can, and very soon, too.



**SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS
ASSOCIATION**
(LONDON) LIMITED

NEXT TIME Travel to Ireland the easy way

✈ FLY DIRECT TO DUBLIN IN 2 HOURS



This summer, get a flying start to Ireland where the £ is still worth 20s! Enjoy a sure, swift flight by comfortable Aer Lingus airliner. No crowds, queues or confusion to mar your journey. Arrive in Dublin

with a smile and in holiday mood. Aer Lingus fares to Dublin Airport are all-inclusive fares. No tips. No worries about luggage either — it's checked right through to Dublin!

SPECIAL 17-DAY RETURN FARES	TO DUBLIN FROM	FLYING TIME	FARES	
			BRIDLE	17-DAY RETURN
	London	120 minutes	£7.10s.	£11
	Liverpool	70 minutes	£4	£6.6s.
	Manchester	85 minutes	£4.5s.	£6.12s.
	Glasgow	80 minutes	£4.15s.	£7
	Birmingham	95 minutes	£6	£9

Phone Aer Lingus, BEA or your local travel agent for complete details and immediate bookings by Aer Lingus for yourself or your freight.

AER LINGUS IRISH AIR LINES
193,889 PASSENGERS FLEW BY AER LINGUS LAST YEAR!

Remember your A.B.C. .

Apples

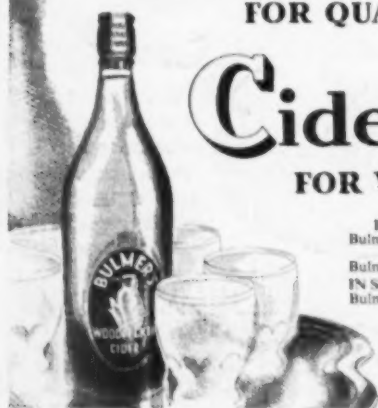
FOR HEALTH

Bulmer's

FOR QUALITY

Cider

FOR VALUE



IN FLAGONS
Bulmer's Woodpecker
and
Bulmer's Dry Cider
IN SMALL BOTTLES
Bulmer's Extra Quality
Cider

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd.,
Hereford



You can buy the finest quality aspirin at

25 4d

if you remember to ask specially for



Also available in bottles of

50 7d

Made in Boots own factories



Easy to take because they break up quickly

100 for 1s

YOU CANNOT BUY BETTER

...but love
won't kill
germs



Sterilize
that
feeding
bottle

Protect your baby from the germs of gastro-enteritis (sickness and diarrhoea), often traceable to imperfectly sterilized feeding bottles. This disease kills over three thousand children a year. Even though a bottle looks clean, you cannot be sure it is not infected. Milton is stabilised electrolytic sodium hypochlorite and a powerful sterilizer. Sterilization with Milton is simple, quick, sure, saves risk of breakage by boiling and leaves no taint or odour. Ask your chemist for Milton Baby's Bottle Routine Instruction Leaflet or write to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 26, 10-12 Brewery Road, London, N.7

with **Milton**

DO YOU KNOW how to choose a toothbrush?

Not one person in ten really knows how to set about choosing a toothbrush! There's a lot more in it than just thumbing the bristles, or plumping for one with a nice-coloured handle! For instance...

Nylon or Bristle?

Take your dentist's advice on this. We make Wisdom in both kinds. It's worth knowing, though, that Wisdom Nylon outlast even the very best bristle brushes. Yes, even Wisdom Bristle!

How hard is **HARD**?

All natural bristle brushes, including Wisdom, wear gradually softer in use. You should allow for this when buying. But nylon keeps its original hardness. That is why dentists often advise a medium Wisdom Nylon rather than a hard.



STRENGTH OF WISDOM

Every Wisdom Nylon tuft is held in place by a tiny metal anchor. It takes a pair of pliers and a lot of pull to get them out!



Which bristle?

Not all natural bristle toothbrushes are alike. Wisdom Bristle brushes are made only from finest Chungking and Siberian bristles, chosen by experts because they last longest.



Fancy handles?

You see all shapes in the shops. But Wisdom's correct shape handle is no fancy idea! It's scientifically designed. The head lies back so that it can slide easily between teeth and jaw-bone, cleans right to the backs of your wisdom teeth!

Which make?

Frankly, we're prejudiced! You see, we made the first toothbrush in 1780, and have led the way in toothbrush design ever since. So we naturally suggest a Wisdom. Nylon 2/11. Bristle 2/6.

Wisdom

THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH
MADE BY ADDIS LTD., HERTFORD

Water Sterilisation

The first systematic sterilisation of a public water supply was carried out in 1905 by Sir Alexander Houston. To check a typhoid epidemic which threatened the city of Lincoln, he treated the water with a sodium hypochlorite solution called 'Chloros', manufactured by the United Alkali Company which later became part of I.C.I. The success of his revolutionary experiment so impressed the world that within a few years the treatment was widely adopted, and today practically all public water supplies are sterilised with chlorine. The various methods based on chlorine or its derivatives, such as 'Chloros' or bleaching powder, have provided considerable extra security against the risks of water-borne infection and they have enabled many supplies to be used which would not otherwise have reached the necessary standard of purity. In swimming-pools, a small amount of chlorine used in conjunction with filtration and aeration ensures a clean, attractive and safe water.

Pure water supplies tend to be taken for granted, yet their provision is an outstanding achievement and one of the greatest contributions of the chemical industry towards the maintenance of public health.





CHETWIND

PEDIGREE There is an unmistakable 'quality' about these shoes.

They have breeding. You can see it at every 'point' . . . in the substance of the leather, in the perfection of line and stitching, and the fine workmanship of every detail. Shoes with a pedigree, and as such entrusted only to accredited agents whose assistants are trained to handle and fit them.

Church's famous English shoes

If you do not know your nearest agent, please write to us for the address : CHURCH & CO. LTD., DUKES STREET, NORTHAMPTON



When
it's an
occasion...

Morning Suits
for
SALE or HIRE
with
all accessories

MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of
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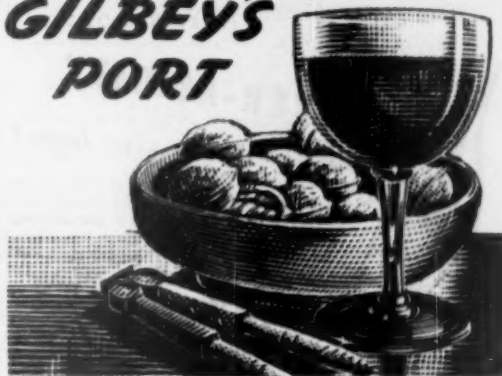
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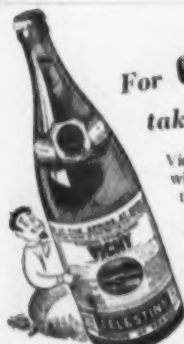
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OF ALL the Englands that go to make this England, that of "the lakes" differs perhaps more than all. And each of us will hold his favourite water—studded maybe with little isles that fascinate the boy in us—to be the loveliest of all. Yet this is still England, bank and tree, cart-rut and sheltered farm, the common things of life proclaim it. And so it is, climber or walker or simple beauty-seeking tourist, that here too—your lungs filled with the crisp air, your coat sodden upon your back (for it can rain in these parts)—you will find another good thing common to English life . . . Your sunfilled Bass or Worthington, rich-brewed to soothe the fatigue and keep your heart alight till dusk shall steal the beauty from your eyes.



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During the course of the building Winstanley was captured by a French Privateer, but Louis XIV censured the officer responsible and ordered Winstanley's immediate release, adding that he was at war with England but not with humanity, and that a lighthouse on the Eddystone would benefit mankind.

The lighthouse, which was gaudily painted and contained sumptuous accommodation, was illuminated by tallow candles in the tower, but through over-decoration the whole structure was unstable, and Winstanley, who was visiting the lighthouse at the time, lost his life when it was washed into the sea during the great gale of November 26th, 1703.



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opened yet another large factory at Merthyr Tydfil — this time for making electric washing machines. This has already been extended.

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View from inside door
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CHARIVARIA

Tests have lately been carried out in the Arctic to examine the effect on Army units of severe climatic conditions. There are grounds for hoping on the whole that the cold war won't get quite so cold as that.

"ACCIDENTS, How They Happen and How to Prevent Them. Vol. 2 (New Series). Jan., 1950. Erratum. Gratis."
H.M.S.O. Daily List of Publications
Ah, well.

"If you are paying anyone a visit, at their invitation, then it is for your hostess to greet you first."

But in practice the formal 'good evening' would hardly ever be said on either side. Your friend would most likely say 'There you are, come along in, I am so glad to see you.'

And your greeting would probably be 'I'm afraid I'm rather late.'"

"Woman's Weekly"

Wonderful thing, this feminine intuition.

The Hampstead public analyst found that butter in some samples of butterscotch was as little as one per cent. Worse, further tests failed to reveal even a trace of scotch.

The municipal council of the village of Vauluse-la-Fontaine, near Avignon, has passed a by-law prohibiting "the carriage or use of atomic bombs on the territory of the Commune of Vauluse," and charging the local Garde Champêtre with the responsibility for enforcing the order. He will probably allow first offenders to get away with nothing worse than a good blowing-up.

A film make-up expert reminds us that studio lighting plays havoc with the complexion. You can't expect to see an actress at her best when she has just come out of the arc.



As the result of a ruling by the Physical Education Board of the French India Government that all players in the French India Football Tournament must play barefooted, the teams whose players are accustomed to play with boots on have all withdrawn from the tournament. That's the worst of these Government Boards—always doing their best to tread on somebody's toes.

Comedians are commonly inclined to exaggerate the size of their audiences. They're determined to double them up one way or another.

A-Bombshell

"Owing to atmospheric conditions, there will be no Daily Wireless Bulletin for Friday, February 24, 1950."

United States Information Service

A farce based on the groundnuts scheme was recently produced at a London repertory theatre. Gloomy critics consider this another case where private enterprise doesn't stand a chance against Government competition.

UNFAIR FARES

"It says in the *Evening Trumpet*," Mrs. Morris said in reply to my inquiry, "that we've got to resist it, so I shall be a bit later in the mornings."

Normally Mrs. Morris arrives at nine o'clock every Tuesday and Friday to "do" my flat. At nine-one I leave for the office, so if she arrived any later she would not be able to get in. The conversation had begun with a request for a latchkey.

"What it is, see, they're doing away with the workmen's, that's the first thing," Mrs. Morris amplified. "I'm not saying as I ever took a workman's, mind, they don't stay on late enough for me by the time I've got Ted his breakfast and seen the kids ready for school. But Ted has a workman's to come back from his work with, see, he's on nights, so that means I'm going to be a good half-hour late getting started."

"Does it?" I said. "Why does it?"

"Well," shouted Mrs. Morris above the sound of a pail being filled with water, "we've got to resist it, see, resist them doing away with the workmen's."

"But—"

"And there's the tuppenny-ha'pennies, too, that's another thing. I don't know how they knew about it"—she turned the tap off and dropped her voice to a bawl—"but whenever I go on the bus,

that's a tuppenny ha'penny. Come here to do you, that's tuppence-ha'penny. My other gentleman, down Waldorf Avenue, tuppence ha'penny. Up to the Colodeon for the pictures, tuppence-ha'penny. Down to the—well, everywhere that I can see."

Mrs. Morris lifted her bucket to the floor and stood behind it. "Anomalies was what they said in the paper, so now they're going to charge you a penny-farthing a mile for everything, whether you go by bus or train or taxis I dare say, and that makes it threepence for two miles the way they work it out. Don't see it meself, but still."

She advanced her pail three feet and set it down again.

"When I lived in Portobello Road, this end, of course, the nice end—when I lived there and done a gentleman in Pont Street, it was tuppence ha'penny if I come on the number forty-six bus and fourpence if I come on the Inner Circle, and that's an anomaly, see! So now I suppose they'll put up the bus-fare to make it all right."

"Only to threepence."

"Ah, you wait. Threepence this year, but you just see. Anyway, what I say, the bus goes straight, or as near straight as it can without going all over the grass in Kensington Gardens; and in the train you're round by Gloucester Road before you know where you are, best part

of the way to Earl's Court. *Courses* they want to charge you more for a long ride like that; it stands to reason."

"But it's quicker, all the same, isn't it?" I said. "Even if it does go a long way round."

"All the more reason, then," said Mrs. Morris triumphantly, picking up her pail again and putting it down a yard nearer me.

"Well, how are you going to resist it by coming here later in the mornings?" I asked.

"I'd of thought you could of seen that," Mrs. Morris said. "See, before this new lark, if you wanted a workman's you had to travel before eight o'clock. Now they're doing away with workmen's, if Ted comes home his usual time, he's making an extra profit for them, isn't he? And that's what they want. So he's going to wait till after eight, see, and then they won't make nothing. That's going to put me back half an hour for a kick-off."

"Then, same with the tuppenny ha'pennies. I got on at Marx Street, like I do now, it's two and a half. But if I walk back up Engels Road to the next request stop, then it's fourpence. And the fourpennies aren't going up, see, so if we was all to do that, they wouldn't be no better off than what they are now."

"Only thing is, it makes you a bit late in the mornings, that's all."

B. A. YOUNG



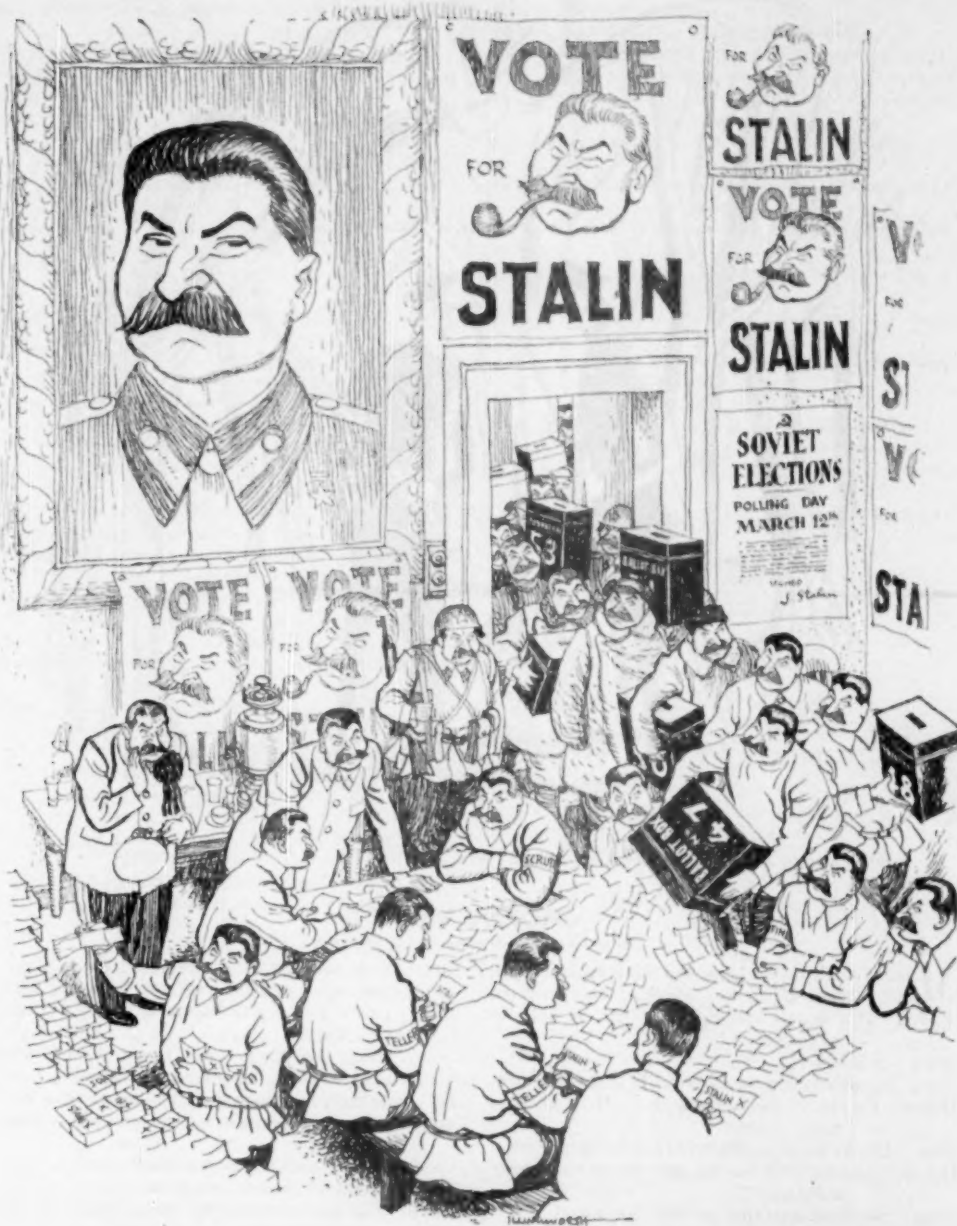
Hollwood

PRIMAVERA

WAITING for the lift in the Covent Garden corridor. Swept by a gust from the Piccadilly Line, Chilled by the callousness of March the malevolent, Miserably Mondayish at half past nine,

Muffled in our moods stands our contemplative company Curdled with the cold as we concentrate to cope With A-bombs, and H-bombs, and economic contretemps, Columnists and Communists, and long lost hope.

Suddenly we're changed. In the lift arrives Persephone, Tucked-up and ticketed with tissue stuff and string. Out come the tulips and crocuses and daffodils, Jolly Cockney barrow boys, and sweet, sweet Spring.



WILL HE SAVE HIS DEPOSIT?



"Of course, if it were summer the first place we'd look would be in the dense foliage overhead."

CHORAL VERSE

for four Television Actresses and an Announcer

MADGE. This is our home and this is not our home.
All. Crowd in, all four together, crowd well in.

Madge. This is our rectangle and this is not our rectangle.

Mary. It depends.

Joan. Sometimes it goes all grey. It is not ours then.

Hilary. Or else it goes all sparkles. It is not ours then, either.

Joan. But we are generally heard behind the greyness.

Hilary. And they tell me the sparkles do not utterly stifle us.

Mary. So speak up; they're O.K. for sound.

All. Keep on talking, saying what was written,
Approaching an old subject from a new angle—

Mary. And what an angle.

Madge. Come closer, Mary. Come right in the rectangle.
The edges are slicing off your curves a little.
DON'T DRAW THE CURTAINS! DON'T DRAW THEM!

Sorry, but there are Things behind those curtains. So don't draw them.

All. Once there was a man there, but he was not a man.
He was a shopkeeper but he was not a shopkeeper;

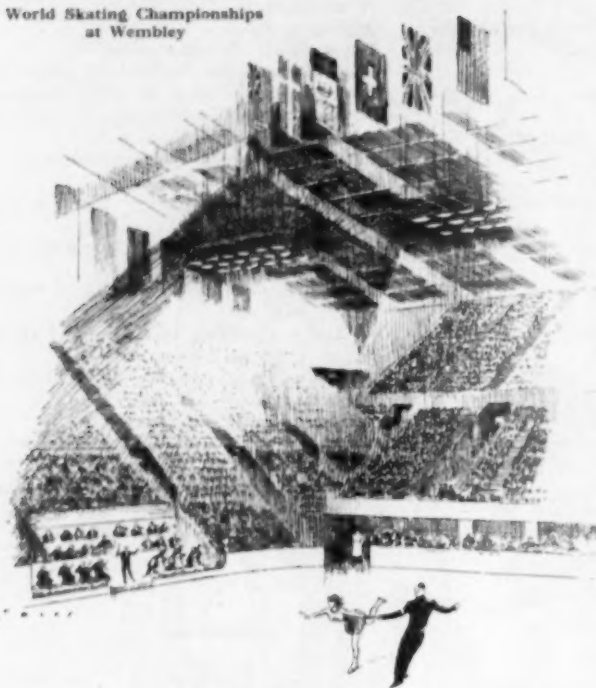
He was a medium yet not a real medium.

Mary. A sort of medium medium.

Hilary. And then suddenly he was a dead man with some laurels.

It was all vague but distressing. Vaguely distressing.

CREAM OF THE ICE

World Skating Championships
at Wembley

SKATING is without a doubt the easiest of all the sports. There is simply nothing in it. Whereas the footballer comes panting and pounding down the field discharging enough energy to work a mill, the javelin-thrower frightens the spectators with the probability that his unsocketed arm will pursue the projectile through the air, and even the cricketer makes noticeably heavy weather of running five for an over-throw, the skater, relaxed and beaming, does nothing but glide and skim, dip and curve, swoop, float and soar in complacent circles and crescents and loops; his breathing never deepens, his smile never dims, his assurance never falters.

Unless, of course, he falls down. It is when this happens that such ignorant and hitherto disgracefully unappreciative persons as your present reporter realize with a flash of understanding that even to *stand up* on skates is a minor miracle.

To-night, the night of the Pair

Skating Championship at the Empire Pool, one of the gentlemen skaters falls down quite early, during the preliminary warm-up in fact, when to the rich introductory strains of the Skaters' Waltz the great white rink is suddenly yet smoothly adorned with thirteen couples, gliding and skimming, dipping and curving, swooping, floating and soaring and, in the case of the gentleman skater referred to, essaying a vivacious *entrechat* . . . but something goes wrong in the middle. We all laugh, I regret to say (can a feather hurt itself when it falls?)—and so does he, and goes capering away in a long figure of filigree intricacy just to show how delighted he is that it has happened now, and not later on when the eighteen

stern eyes of the judges are measuring the very rime thrown up along each thin, patterned cicatrice.

Three lady skaters are to fall down later, all, if I remember rightly, during a manoeuvre known as the "death spiral," in which the gentleman revolves in somewhat ungallant security, whirling his partner at arm's length on one skate, her unemployed leg (some of the jargon is pleasing) pointing roofwards and her hair all but sweeping the ice. It is not obligatory for this perilous figure to be included in a pair's programme, and if I were a lady skater with flimsily protected shoulder-blades I should be inclined to suggest a different arrangement—a reversal of the positions, perhaps; though a feminine handclasp might give way under the strain, I suppose, and allow the gyrating gentleman to go hissing across the rink on his neck and disappear through the band. But the judges reach their verdict on two distinct counts: first on the "contents of programme," then on the "performance"; so a pair adopting simple and safe choreography (there must be a proper word, but I don't know it) may lose points on their unambitious "contents" which the most faultless "performance" can never recover.

Of the thirteen competing pairs there are two pairs of champions each from America and Belgium, three from Great Britain, and one each from Canada, France, Austria, Switzerland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Competitors from the last two countries have brought with them not only the usual retinue of judge, trainer and chaperone but also Another Person, whose responsibility it is to see that





they get home safely: it has not been forgotten that for lack of similar kindly supervision six members of the Czech Ice Hockey team lost themselves completely after an appearance at Wembley, and never found their way home again at all.

From one of the several journals devoted to skating I gather that a faint, parenthetical fashion-commentary (for ladies only) usually colours reports on events of this kind. I am afraid I shall be found wanting here: things have been moving too fast for me to get reliable notes on sequined black Juliet caps, jewelled hair-slides or even "light gold satin with cerise lining underskirt"—but it is a striking fact that all these ice-maidens are quite remarkably pretty, and if this is not due to their activities on the rinks of the world, then I can only say that it is a most extraordinary coincidence. The skates, of course, lend height, and the short, flared skirts and angle-topped white boots may perform some mysteriously beautifying function for the female leg; I don't know; perhaps the answer is that grace is three parts of beauty, and that we eagerly take the fourth part for granted. At any rate, they all look delicately sweet, and their partners strong and handsome.

But let us study brother and sister John and Jennifer Nicks, Pairs Champions of Great Britain. The band strikes up and the two children—they are little more—glide noiselessly on to the rink, hand in hand, poised, smiling, free-wheeling to a tacitly agreed point, braking invisibly, standing for a moment in a roar of

encouraging cheers. Then, an expectant hush, and they are off on their five minutes' display of almost precocious virtuosity. In each corner of the rink an official holds a card that says, enormously, "5." As the minutes pass, and John and Jennifer execute what the initiated in the audience doubtless recognize as flying axels, jumps, loops, spirals, lifts, spread-eagles, cross-rolls, sit-spins, Schafer-spins, back parallels, salchows and (of course) death spirals, the enormous 5 becomes an enormous 4, then a 3, a 2, a 1, right down to a half- and a quarter-minute warning . . . and when the "1" vanishes and an enormous "0" takes its place the band is sustaining its final chord as the pair come curving inward from the rink sides in two flawless complementary arcs, their outstretched



finger-tips meeting at a point which must surely be the arena's perfect centre. They have not only skated magnificently, but have plainly been enjoying themselves, frankly delighted to be alive and on skates; the applause, already heightened by the audience's hopeful patriotism, takes on a jubilant quality too, as if cheerfulness as well as skill were having its reward.

However, the marking does not

rest with the audience; silence falls again at the referee's whistle, and the nine judges, skateless and well-muffled, waddle cautiously out on to the glassy surface like uncertain penguins.

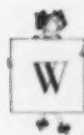
It is hard to believe that these were all champions in their time, were once (are still, perhaps) capable of an elegant salchow, sit-spin or flying axel; they look cold as they form their ragged, graceless line and, on a second toot from the whistle, produce from a portable card-index hung round their necks two number-cards each. (This time the British judge keeps his hands in his pockets; the judge from the country of the competing pair has no say.) A quick clapping greets the promising show of Fives as the cards are held aloft;

these are the integers, in the right hand—decimal points are in the left. Highest possible mark is Six, but Six means perfection, and nobody ever gets it. "Judge number one," booms the loudspeaker voice, its owner reading the cards from some hidden cyrie, "five-point-one; judge number two, five dead; judge number three. . ."

But brother and sister Nicks, for all their cheerfulness and skill, are not to be World Champions this time. At the end of the evening, when the mathematicians of the International Skating Union have worked on the scores with slide-rule and logarithm, they are found to have been narrowly and brilliantly beaten by brother and sister Kennedy from America—still one more title for the Hall of Fame: The third place goes to brother and sister Nagy who will shortly, with their prizes and bronze medals, their judge, trainer, chaperone and A. N. Other, glide through the iron curtain back to Hungary. J. B. BOOTHBOYD



AT THE PICTURES

Morning Departure—The Astonished Heart

HAT might be called "the submarine story"—the one dramatic situation that instantly springs to mind when the submarine is mentioned—has been done before, but never better than in

point; it rather suggests a determination to hammer in the subsequent tragedy and smells of dramatic artifice. Most of the action is allowed to make its impression straightforwardly without any such contrivance, and the men concerned,

even though one is naturally tempted to call them "types" (too many people use the word in this connection without any idea that it isn't complimentary), are excellently portrayed. Mr. MILLS is first-rate, lesser parts are particularly well taken by JAMES HAYTER, RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH and NIGEL PATRICK and the circumstances both below water and above among the rescue ships are

most convincingly shown.

I thought more highly of *The Astonished Heart* (Directors: TERENCE FISHER and ANTONY DARNBOROUGH) than did many of the critics. Of course its story and its characters are trivial and without depth, of course one is entitled to get impatient with such earnest fondling of the amorous troubles of people who are rich and well-dressed and very little else; but I found in the event that I didn't get impatient with it. It held my attention continuously—because, I think, of two things. One is the perfect ease, elegance and fluency with which the dialogue and social behaviour are handled,

the other is that, even though (as a Coward play) this is essentially a dialogue piece, it is made cinematically interesting. I have seen this opinion contradicted, but I shall continue to think that when I find my eye and mind drawn with real curiosity and a sort of eagerness to the screen when something quite ordinary and insignificant is happening on it, skill has been employed in the presentation. For instance, the occasion when a man is met at Paddington with bad news, and we can't hear what it is because steam hisses at precisely that moment; a trick, but it pleased me. Usually the evidence of imagination and ability is less obvious, but they must be there. They, and the beautiful ease of the playing—and I have not mentioned certain fine visual moments—make something unexpectedly rewarding out of a simple triangle situation in glossy surroundings.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There isn't much else—need I mention *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50)?—outstanding among the London shows; but another of the new-style Hollywood war films, *Battleground*, is well worth seeing.

The best new release, *Twelve O'clock High* (22/2/50), is an impressive and absorbing air-war picture in the same category. *Neptune's Daughter* (15/2/50) is quite a bright musical.

RICHARD MALLETT



Naval Types

Able-Seaman Higgins—JAMES HAYTER; *Stoker Snipe*—RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH; *Lt.-Com. Armstrong*—JOHN MILLS

Morning Departure (Director: ROY BAKER). This situation is, when one looks at it, merely a variant of the one that is constantly used to produce a plot of some kind, the arbitrary collection of a number of people in the confident hope that the interaction of their characters will be dramatically interesting; but when they are in a sunken submarine the emotional effect is greatly reinforced, even without the added recollection, in this instance, of the "Truculent" disaster. Here the components of the story, too, when one looks at them, are quite familiar; any of these personages would fit perfectly well into a Hay-and-King-Hall naval comedy; one knows from the start that the comic relief (as distinct from the dashing light-heartedness) will come from the lower deck. Yet the complete effect is admirable, impressive and moving. I don't think the bit at the beginning, designed to show that the commander (JOHN MILLS) had a happy home life and was thinking of retiring from the Service, has much



(The Astonished Heart)

Psychiatrist, Heal Thyself

Leonora Vail—MARGARET LEIGHTON; *Barbara Faber*—CELIA JOHNSON; *Christian Faber*—NOEL COWARD

MAN WITH WHITE STICK

WHEN first I carried a white stick
and partly steered by guess
(my sight being dimmed, not darkened)
then, seeing more or less,
as I walked the pavements I could not help
a touch of bitterness.

"There pass the careless ones" (I said)
"blind to all worlds but one:
they could look up into clear heaven
and see nor stars nor sun:
they know it is day,
they know it is night,
as they know that black is black,
white, white:
they know the senses' drive:
they walk like cattle; but, I think,
they know they are alive.
They look at all things they have not
with envy, never surprise.
They do not walk into lamp-posts—
they have that much use for their eyes."

So I thought, as I walked among them,
my head in a cloud
before I learned the lesson
that I was not alone in a crowd.
For my stick of cherrywood, painted white
proved a talisman charm:

I hesitate at a crossing—
and a hand will touch my arm.

Here is a gentle nature:
here, one self-confident:
here, one uncertain of himself
but not on self intent.

I know them all at a touch now,
but most the golden-few
who will take my arm as a matter of course,
as an old friend might do:
their courtesy 's dyed in the wool, and shrunk,
hard-wearing through and through:
they accept the battered coin of thanks
as though it were mint-new;
you can neither tell them by their dress
nor by their manner of speech.
I erred when I called them golden-few:
a trifle of patience proves this true:
they are always within reach.

I point no sort of moral,
no application make,
but state these—thank God! common—facts
for their own sake,
as they have been revealed to me
by my cherrywood, painted white:
facts so easy to overlook
If one has but normal sight.

R. C. SCRIVEN



"Fooled yer!"

POLAR PEDAGOGY



MR. MARTUP believed in getting Westridge Preparatory School a share in any publicity that was going and, noticing that public schoolboys were often mentioned in the papers as exploring Up North, he arranged to spend a complete term in the Arctic. He was a man whose latest enthusiasm never eclipsed the one before, and in taking up exploration he did not abandon any of the innovations he had already introduced. Three weeks after term began, School Life was showing signs of strain.

In the staff igloo Mr. Marchant was working out his form averages with a slide-rule guaranteed by the makers to slide in up to fifty degrees of frost. Mr. Verity was chipping away at the inkpot which contained the purple ink used for entering conduct marks on weekly reports. Miss Mandel was trying to make a model blowpipe, as her form had reached Equatorial Forests in its Geography syllabus. The Headmaster's Monitor for the day dug his way in and courteously raised his fur cap, on which the First Eleven, Swimming Team and House Prefect Badges made little oases of colour. "The Headmaster's Midday Message," he announced. "Green Minor gets no Sealing for a week for using a harpoon on Timothson. Set Upper Five A are on Extra Fire Drill for Gross Inefficiency. No boy is to feed the huskies from his tuck-box without a chit from his House Master. Our hearts are with J. Nowell, Old Westridgean, who has just gained second class honours in the Inter-

mediate Examination of the Incorporated Institute of Automobile Servicers."

"When are the Scouts to do the heats of the Inter-Patrol Blubber Cooking Competition?" asked Miss Mandel, with the mixture of authority and winsomeness it was advisable to use on Boys with the Headmaster's Ear. "To-night between Glee Club and Matron's de-icing parade," said the Monitor, with a grudging expenditure of his private information. Mr. Marchant, who disliked boys and was in the running for a Headmastership, gave him a curt nod of dismissal and the edge of his mortarboard hacked a small chunk of frozen snow from the wall. The Monitor turned to go and Mr. Verity handed him a pile of exercise books to deliver to his Form. He neither liked nor disliked boys but used them whenever possible to lighten his professional burdens.

Outside, the blizzard was in full blast. Here and there through the thin bits could be seen the Explorers on Duty surveying the Camp Site. The school flag stuck out from its mast like a street sign. Local Eskimo labour, recruited on the spot, speared fish through holes in the ice, indifferent to cries of "Porter," "Butler," or "Sergeant-major." The Monitor fought his way to the Office; being part of the Administration it was housed in a tent instead of an igloo and displayed dignity, though not comfort. Inside he received the Attendance Registers and the Punishment Drill Book. Miss Pawsett, the Head-



Adrian C. Williams

master's Secretary, was trying to cut the special frost-resistant stencils for the fortnightly exams and deal with the oil lamp at the same time. Before the expedition started she had had romantic dreams of being saved from Polar Bears by Mr. Verity, but all he had saved her from was the threat of being raffled by the Eskimos.

As the Monitor left her with the ruthless indifference of youth he heard the Headmaster's voice crackle through the inter-office telephone. "We want the Master Chart photographed for the frontispiece of the next prospectus, so it is essential that it be filled in neatly. Get Mr. Harley to circulate a memorandum on variations in the Magnetic North. This term the post of Geography Master is one of unusual responsibility, and I do not feel he is pulling his weight. Please check Home Letters for spelling of Aurora Borealis." With a superior smile at one who was not protected by Troublesome Parents, the Monitor left for his round of the classrooms.

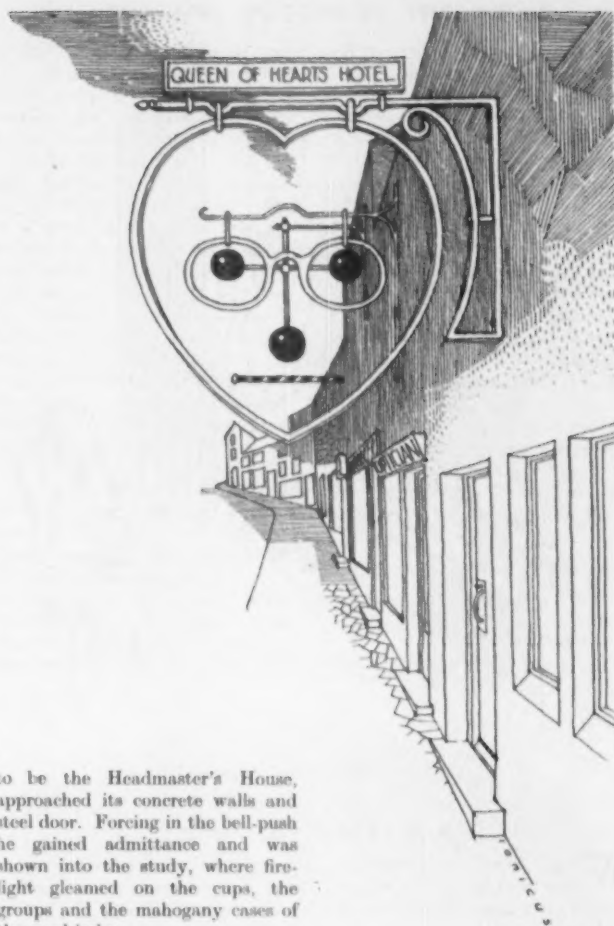
Mr. Widdett in the Lab. was struggling with Chemistry. "Cool slowly," he read from the textbook and tried to withdraw the stirring-rod from a hard mass without breaking it. Miss Gwindle was identifying the botanical specimens her class had brought back from Practical Nature Study. "Tundra again," she said gloomily. Mr. Elvin, whose discipline was weak, had just been tricked into giving an imposition to a walrus. The Monitor was enjoying his round.

Into this busy scene came the reindeer. Proudly bearing their complicated superstructures, they pranced along, drawing a sleigh which contained a hard-faced man in badly-fitting furs. He stamped angrily on to the Camp Site, trying to attract attention by cracking his whip. A small boy, who was wandering about with no apparent purpose, threw a snowball at him and cried "Pax. You can't touch me now." In the distance a whale blew thunderously. An eddy of wind disclosed a notice board saying "Recent Successes: T. Bold, Common Entrance." The stranger, rightly judging the most imposing structure

to be the Headmaster's House, approached its concrete walls and steel door. Forcing in the bell-push he gained admittance and was shown into the study, where fire-light gleamed on the cups, the groups and the mahogany cases of the card-index.

Mr. Martup was always exhilarated by a Visitor. Beaming, he extended his hand and began "The modern boy has two qualities which, rightly guided, are of high educational value: curiosity and love of adventure." The Stranger did not respond. "I am His Majesty's Inspector of Schools, in charge of School Gardening," he snapped. "May I ask that in future you notify the Ministry of Education before you go away. It is inefficient and discourteous to greet callers to Westridge merely with a notice on the gate referring them here."

His complaints were cut short. "We are delighted to have you with



us," Mr. Martup purred. "Indeed, you are just in time to present the Martup Shield for indoor window-boxes," and, taking a large piece of ice inscribed with the School Arms from the wall, he led the way back into the blizzard.

R. G. G. PRICE

"Resisting the temptation to shoot himself at close range he cleverly flicked the ball sideways to Heritage who shot well out of Humphries's reach."

"The Times"

Is there a psychiatrist in the stand?



"Take a sonnet, Miss Harding."

A MATTER OF TIME

"WELL," said Cora peevishly, "this must be the first time in my adult life that I haven't known the time."

"I don't see that it matters," I said, unwisely.

"I like to know the time," said Cora. "I feel safer. Are you sure there wasn't a clock in the bedroom?"

"Quite," I said.

"You'd think the McClouds would run to two clocks," said Cora, scowling at the dainty timepiece at her elbow, still registering ten past six. "They throw their weight about enough. When did it stop? That's what I'd like to know."

"Well," I said, "we arrived at six, and we've been here more than ten minutes."

"Ten minutes! We've been here

all night! And why couldn't you have dipped your watch in lighter-spirit as you always do!"

"The man said it wanted looking at," I murmured.

"The man!" said Cora and cracked a nut. "Well, this is the last Monday I baby-sit for the McClouds. It might be any time. You've read half of *The Four Just Men*."

"*The Way of an Eagle*," I said. "And I skipped some."

"*Way of an Eagle*," muttered Cora. "What kind of a book is that to leave about for your friends?"

"Of course," I said, "we could always get the time from the radio if you're anxious."

"Who said I was anxious? I just happen to like to know the time, that's all."

"All right," I said. And I switched on the radio, and a man said we should remember that one of the main provisions of Magna Carta was that no free man might be proceeded against except by the judgment of his peers.

"I don't want to hear about that," said Cora. She twiddled the knob and got a string quartet with an urgent voice whispering in the background, evidently in Japanese.

"Now," said Cora, snatching up the *Radio Times*, "we'll see where we are. What's that they're playing now?"

"A string quartet," I said.

Cora studied a page. "Is that the Home?" she said.

"I don't know," I said. "I never touched this set before."

"Well, surely you can tell which is Light and which is Home?"

"Not by guessing," I said. "You can only do that with the Third. And even then you may be wrong."

Cora cracked another nut. "Put it to four hundred and forty-nine metres," she said.

I did so, and the man said that no scutage or aid should be imposed except by the consent of the council.

"That's the Home, if you've got the metres right," said Cora. "Could that be a talk on housing, seven-fifteen to seven-thirty?"

"Hardly," I said, "unless he's treating the subject very broadly."

"It doesn't say anything here about scutage," said Cora. "Try fifteen hundred metres."

I did so, and a man said it looked like he was being framed.

"That'll be a play," said Cora, searching in the Light Programme. "What is scutage, anyway?"

The man was joined by another man, who told him, just for his own good, not to get mixed up in things like this.

"The Vengeance of Daniel Charters," said Cora triumphantly. "It finishes at eight. Turn it up a bit. We may as well enjoy it if we've got to listen to it."

I turned it up, and we listened for half an hour to a complicated drama about a maniacal smuggler. Then the announcer told us we had heard part four of a serial called

"Quiet River," and in half a minute we would have some bebop.

This stumped Cora. Neither "Quiet River" nor the bebop appeared in the *Radio Times*, and things began to take a sinister turn. The bebop escaped before we could stop it, and baby McCloud awoke with a scream. As Cora darted up the stairs she called back over her shoulder "Wait for the pips at ten!"

I decided not to lose my head. I cut out the bebop, lit my pipe and settled down to study the *Radio Times*. It took me five minutes to discover that Cora had been reading last week's issue. This week's was nowhere to be seen.

I broke the news to Cora when she returned.

"But just now," I said, "a church clock struck the hour outside."

"Oh, yes?" said Cora dangerously. "What time was it?"

"I don't know," I said. "I missed the beginning. I only heard six strokes."

There was a long pause, and Cora began to crack nuts very deliberately indeed.

I opened *The Way of an Eagle*.

IS THERE ANY POTEEN IN THE HOUSE?

COME Shaun, and Shamus, and look over the half-door till you do be knowing the signs of the weather, for the Drama League Festival does be drawing on and the Celtic Twilight so thick around us, sure, 'tis like black night down in the Bad Place, God help us.

There's Bartley down with the flu, and in the play three fine young lads washed up on the beach; and soon the play will be washed up itself, with the trials and accidents that do be sent to try us ourselves. And the wee Good Folk from the Land of Hearts' Desire shivering in the wings in butter-muslin the way they'll catch their deaths, and their Mums will give us the blame, my sorrow, ochone.

And the village women coming in to keene the dead, and kneeling down on the stage with their red flannel petticoats over their heads, the hussies, the way you'd think it was a Galway Bay version of the Can-Can, the saints be good to us. And they keening and keening away in a warbling note and sending the

good dacent people scurrying down to the shelters thinking the Germans is coming again.

Ochone, my sorrow, but 'tis always thus the long, long nights after Samhain, and sure you needn't to worry over that word, for 'tis but Hallowe'en itself, spelt that way to make it harder for the cursed English, bad cessa to them.

It is an old woman I do be, and destroyed entirely with the learning of the words, and the rehearsing; and especially with the red flannel petticoats and shawls, and all the talk of fine white boards for coffins, and the fine deep graves.

Sure, 'tis the adjudicator will be needing a fine deep grave himself, and 'tis meself will be crying and keening for a dhrop of the Craythur when the curtain does be falling.

"DION SETS SEAL
ON TUBE LINE."

"Daily Telegraph"

Does the R.S.P.C.A. know!





AS ONE OLDS

WELL, yes. The old bones ache. There
were easier
Beds thirty years back. Sleep, then im-
portunate,
Now with reserve doles out her favours.
Food disagrees. There are draughts in
houses.

Headlong, the down night train rushes on
with us,
Screams through the stations . . . How
many more! Is it
Time soon to think of taking down one's
Case from the rack? Are we nearly
there now?

Yet neither loss of friends nor an emptying
Future, nor England tamed and the ruin of
Long-built hope thus far have taught my
Obstinate heart a sedate deportment.





TO ANOTHER

Still beauty calls as once in the mazes of
 Boyhood. The bird-like soul quivers. Into
 her
 Flash darts of unfulfill'd desire and
 Pierce with a bright, unabated anguish.

Armed so with anguish, Joy met us even in
 Youth—who forgets? This side of the
 terminus,

Then, now, and always, thus and only
 Thus were the doors of delight set open.
 N. W.



GROUNDS FOR ACTION

The National Playing Fields Association

IS it possible to make us a recreation ground, like riding our bike all round the ground and have swings and a pond and all the things you can think off.

"It is better than playing in the road and getting ran over, and running across the road. It is just like road safety it would be very nice to have a path for seating also."

This exceedingly sensible letter was written last year to his local council by an Essex boy of nine, whose baby sister had been killed by a van and whose brother had just been injured in the street. Our callousness about road accidents is one of the curiosities of an age that likes to consider itself individually, if not collectively, humane. Thanks in part to the headlines in the warmer-blooded Press, a single murder makes a more dramatic impact on the imagination of the public than the story, old now, that nearly a thousand children are killed annually on our roads and over six thousand maimed and crippled. The problem of road accidents is one to turn wise men grey, but out of its gloom comes one arresting fact, pointing a practical remedy: *that most of the children smashed and mangled on the roads are playing games when they are hit.* They are playing there not because the road offers any special advantages but because many of them have nowhere else to go.

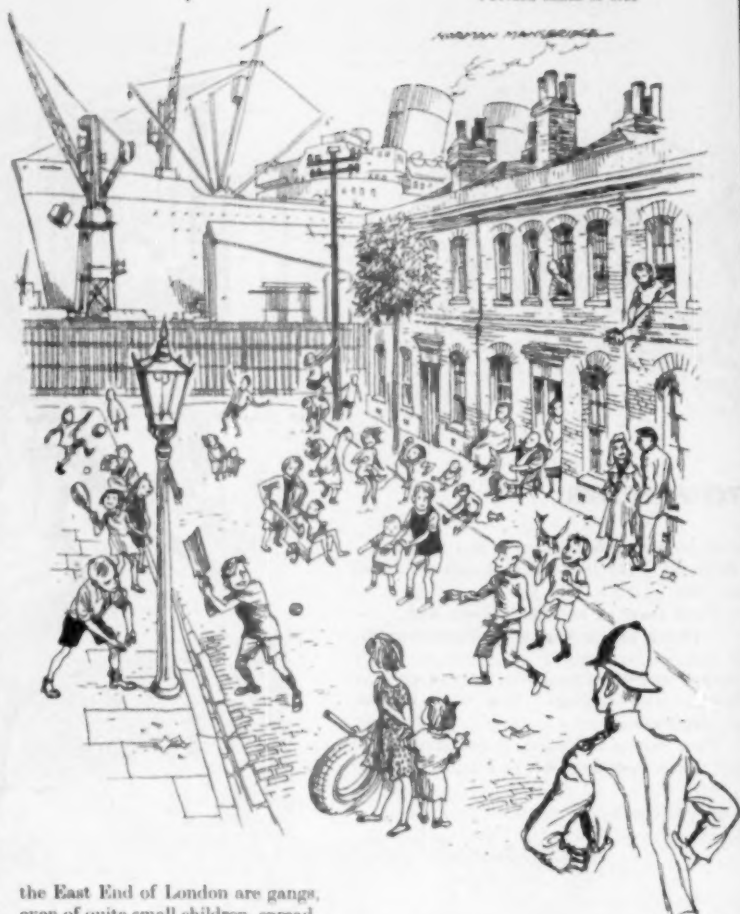
This is one of the reasons why an increase in children's recreation grounds is an urgent national necessity; so urgent that neither red-tape nor Treasury poverty should be allowed to stand in its way. But this is only one of the reasons. Another is juvenile crime, about which again we are becoming as a nation horribly complacent. The figures for this tend to go up during, and immediately after, a war, and then soon to flatten out; but instead of flattening out, as by now they should be doing, they are still rising. The number of children convicted in the magistrates' courts last year was appalling. Not only in

the East End of London are gangs, even of quite small children, spreading the gospel of violence, wielding such pretty toys as razor-blades and bicycle chains. Their adventures, however, are no more than elementary classes from which the readier pupils graduate, at sixteen or so, to batter old ladies for the sake of a few shillings. Seasoned London magistrates are not alarmed for nothing. You may blame films, for their idiotic insistence on the glamour of the man with the gun, and you may blame radio, for making crime a major domestic excitement; but before you blame the hooligans themselves it is only fair to find out what alternative facilities have been provided for blowing off steam. Youth clubs? Not nearly enough of them. And

playing fields? The answer is tragically the same.

And, of course, a third reason why children's recreation should be taken seriously on a national level is health. In spite of all that has been done lately to improve children's diet and adjust them physically it amazingly remains no real concern of the State to ensure that they are able to fulfil their natural function of getting healthily tired. When you hear of twenty-two young London football teams in a Saturday queue for two pitches, you think.

All of which brings us to a body that has these vital matters very much at heart, the National Playing Fields Association. If I may be forgiven for potting its triumphant



history, it was born at the Albert Hall in 1925 under the patronage of the present King and Queen; a cheque for £200,000 from the Carnegie Trustees started it off; and with that and gifts from the public it has so far provided one thousand two hundred and forty football pitches, six hundred and sixty cricket pitches, one hundred and forty-five hockey pitches, nine hundred and twenty-eight tennis courts, two hundred and twenty-six net-ball courts, seven hundred and seventy-five recreation areas and shelters, forty-four rest gardens, and seven hundred and sixty children's corners, which are the kind of simple paradise outlined by the Essex boy above. I hate statistics, but these seem to me worth giving. The Association is a charity, with a Royal Charter. Its position to-day is that, having thus put its funds to supremely good use, it is all but flat on its uppers, and is about to celebrate its silver jubilee with a mammoth appeal, under the enthusiastic presidency of the Duke of Edinburgh, for a further £500,000.

The target of the Association is six acres of recreation ground for every thousand of the population, instead of the existing average of, roughly, two, and this target excludes school fields, since few of these can stand up to the extra hammering of public use. If you

imagine the Association to be a busybody interfering in matters which are the benign province of Whitehall the answer is that the State has been shy of its full responsibilities where the recreation of the young (outside schools) is concerned. The Education Act of 1944 passed the buck to the local authorities in a permissive rather than an obligatory form; and they, not unnaturally, see new playing fields in terms of already swollen rates. This is, therefore, an affair in which the principle of voluntary help is more than ever essential, and one of the main functions of the Association, besides coming to the rescue with its own money, is to bring pressure to bear on county councils to persuade them to use their powers. Through its area organizers and affiliated county associations it oils the works of a section of national machinery that is small credit in the age of welfare.

What else does it do? It provides a complete information service on how to start agitating for a playing-field, on the best sort of field to choose, and on how to look after it once it is made. Legal advice; technical literature; publicity about Government grants (for adult schemes); experiments with such radical innovations as concrete cricket pitches—radical, but blessed by professors as weighty as

Bradman and Compton; the trusteeship of certain fields; these are a few of the items on a long agenda. In addition the Association keeps a wary eye on the claims of farmers and the War Departments to land not always intelligently used. I have underlined the juvenile side of its work, because the young are more in need, but it also does a great deal to encourage grown-up athletics.

So that if you, in your town or village, see a chance for a sports ground but are vague about procedure, or if you want to know how much you can dope a wicket without actually dazing it, this efficient service is there to consult, either at 71 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, or at any of the county offices. And if the Silver Jubilee Appeal is as successful as its organizers hope there will be more solid help for you as well.

I think most of us groan too easily over the supposed decadence of the young. The same lamentations were heard in the 'thirties, and were followed by the Battle of Britain. The hard fact is that the latest generation has been born into an economic mess in a grossly overpopulated island. If we don't like all its habits we should at least ask ourselves what we are doing to improve them. Here, in the N.P.F.A., is one remedy too effective to be denied.

ERIC KROWN





"If you can't find the bell, try the knocker."

CONVERSATIONS IN UPPER THAMES STREET

Chasing a Hat

A STRONG smell of hot wet felt filled the tea-shop. Thorn sat in his corner, as usual, and most of the regulars were grouped about him. The immediate reaches of the street outside were almost deserted, but a confused gabble of excited speculation came floating up from the river's edge below Baynard's Castle.

"Nothing worse than if your hat blows off three mornings running when you're crossing London Bridge," Thorn said, smoothing down a few wind-torn wisps of hair.

"It was publicly opened by William IV on August 1, 1831," remarked the man with two books under his arm. "Standing about a hundred yards west of the site of the former bridge, this handsome structure—"

"That's enough," said Irma.

"The first time, I went and looked vainly down at the water and a crowd collected and a lot of good

advice was bandied about. Presently a boat put out from Adelaide Wharf and when I got my hat twenty minutes later it was drinks all round for about sixteen watermen and their advisers." Thorn sighed, and took a gulp of tea.

"In those days you could get drunk for a penny," said the man with the two books under his arm.

"So the second morning I walked on as unconcerned as I could and pretended not to notice, and just by the Vintners' Hall I was arrested for suspicious behaviour. I was trying to explain when they got news that a human head had been washed ashore just under the 'Prospect of Whitby,' and then there was more trouble. Then this morning the wind was the other way and blew my hat under a thirteen bus."

"London Bridge to Hendon, weekdays only. Takes sixty-five minutes," said the man with the

books, shifting them from under one arm to under the other.

"Used to play football at Hendon," George said. "Played once with a team of fourteen men—three second team chaps turned up, too."

"Never wear one," said the man in the bicycle clips. "Haven't even got one. Only time I wore one was in the Army, and it kept falling off until they introduced the beret. As for my steel helmet, I lost that right at the start of the campaign, and months after I found the quartermaster-sergeant had it. He used to sleep in his own and wear mine on his stomach."

"Piece of shrapnel over a yard long and red hot—" began Irma, but the rest was lost in the boiling-over of a pan of soup.

"The important thing is never to run after it," Thorn went on. "Plenty of other people will do that for you. Just look helpless and grateful. It isn't so embarrassing as coming away from the Royal Society wearing two overcoats that don't belong to you. I was delivering a lecture and the subject was H. Uebersberger, whose *Russlands Orientpolitik in den letzten zwei Jahrhunderten* I happened to have read. What strange things Fellows of the Royal Society carry in their overcoat pockets: dear me!"

"Learned gentlemen are very unpredictable," one of the taxi-drivers remarked. "I've taken them to places like the Royal Society, the Royal Academy and those, and from places like Golders Green and Holland Park, and got one time tuppence and one time half-a-crown. Tips are very unpredictable, eh, mate?"

The other taxi-driver shook his head and made no answer.

One of the railway delivery chaps came in and dropped his cap on the table and sat down heavily.

"Making another film up the street, I see," he said. "Two young chaps climbing along the roof down by Jolly and Simpson's, and ever so many other chaps standing about shouting and writing things down."

"There's no danger," Irma said, "they get paid for it. Some of the

stand-ins get as much as the stars, my book says. I could stand-in for Jean Kent, they all tell me, but I say I see plenty of life here and the money's certain."

"My cousin that's a stand-in is gone very stand-offish since," the railway man said. "Never sends a Christmas card headed Denham Studios or anything. I was in the class above her at school."

Thorn looked round and said, carefully, "I wouldn't care for it to go any further, but I once directed a film. It was at a place called Cromer just after the other war. The real director broke his ankle and used to sit at the window of the hotel with a speaking trumpet, and as I had the best hearing they got me to stand and pass on what he said. I used my own judgment; after all, we were on the beach a quarter of a mile away. It was a successful film, but a great many of the scenes had my right boot down in the bottom corner. In those days audiences were not so critical."

"I've got a friend who hasn't been to the pictures since 1935," Irma said, rather proudly.

"Naturally, we won six-nought," George announced as the conversation lapsed. "But the second team, playing at Heston with eight men, they came a dreadful cropper."

"It should be all right now," Irma said, opening the oven door and taking out Thorn's hat, steaming.

"A hat like that," said the man with the two books under his arm, "only better, could have been bought in 1914 for two-and-eleven. It would be a guinea now."

"The important thing," said Thorn, clapping it on his head, "is to get them in a corner and drop a dust-bin lid over them. Far too many people stop a hat by stepping on it."

Pessimist

"Young man with knowledge of modern books of accounts for more than 5 years' experience in Ltd. Company as Asst. Accountant seeks prospective job with handsome remuneration. Very active, sincere and true to service. Prepared for hard labour."—*Overcast paper*

DISPLACED PERSONS

I'VE waited in so many halls
On this same wooden bench
And read that notice on the walls
In English, German, French:
NO SMOKING . . .
RAUCHEN VERBOTEN . . .
DÉFENSE DE FUMER . . .
Yet exile has a stronger stench.

Elbows on knees, I've sat amid
This patient Babel-throng;
Our polyglot behinds have slid
Inch by slow inch along.
ROOKEN VERBODEN . . .
VIETATO FUMARE . . .
PROHIBIDO FUMAR . . .
How long, O Lord, how long?

Stateless and homeless, tempest-
tossed,
Uprooted and displaced—
Our antecedents may be lost,
Our relatives untraced,
RYGNING FORBUDT . . .
RÆKNING FORBUDT . . .
RÖKNING FÖRBJUDEN . . .
Yet judge us not in haste.

We have our own, our bitter land,
Our own unwritten laws,
And we alone can understand
Our signals and our saws
KOURIT' RAPRESHCHENÓ . . .
PALENIE WZBRONIONE . . .
KOURÉNÍ ZAKAZANO . . .
Coinced in a losing Cause.

By deeper ties than blood we're
bound:
Our senses never cease
To spot, by sight or smell or sound,
Implacable police.
FUMATUL OPRIT . . .
PUŠITI ZABRÁNJENO . . .
DOHÁNYOZNI TILOS . . .
Let us depart in peace.

The swift clock ticks, the slow clerks
write,
The heartless hours crawl;
And something warps before our
sight
That notice on the wall:
NO LIVING . . .
LEREN VERBOTEN . . .
DÉFENSE DE VIVRE . . .
The Writing on the Wall.

JAN



THE COSMIC MESS

THIS column has an uneasy feeling that it may be suffering from schizophrenia (or "split mind") like all the unhappy young men who cannot help hitting lonely women on the head and taking their money. It makes this column cry to read about them. Three days of the week they do fretwork and make toys for their little brothers. On the fourth day they do their football-pools, as good as gold. But on the fifth day the dark Other Mind asserts itself and they go out and look for a lonely old woman. All this, of course, springs from some early frustration, shock, or trauma. A school-teacher would not let them eat gooseberries in the arithmetic class; a householder chased them when they did a runaway ring and spoke harsh, unthinking words; and thus set half of the mind against Society. Or they were frenzied by the difficulties of English spelling.

This column has been looking back into the past, and it remembers some shockingly trauma-making experiences. Its three earliest memories are as follows:

- (1) having had hay-fever and being shut up in a dark room in sunny weather;
- (2) falling down in a lane and cutting its nose on a flint (the nurse callously told the tiny column to pick its feet up in future);
- (3) being dropped on its head on a brass fender.

Pretty significant and traumatic, you must agree. From the same period of its life this column can recall hardly any experience that was pleasing. But these three Black Things are vivid in the mind. Black Thing No. 3 happened just before lunch on a Sunday, at Ashted, Surrey. Two or three gentlemen had come to lunch: and one of them, a Civil Servant named Newmarch, playfully picked up this column and swung it on to his shoulders. Unfortunately, he can not have practised the trick, for this column went clean over his shoulders on to the rail of the fender. It was made of hard brass; this column can see it now. The little man had a grey moustache: and the fact that he was

a Civil Servant seems to invest the whole affair with a peculiar horror.

The Episode of the Penny Buns must have followed fairly soon. They used to send this column to a school in Epsom in a pony-trap. One day, when the trap had stopped for something, the little column walked into a large cake-shop and said simply: "May I have a bun?" "Certainly, my little man", said a pretty lady. "Have you a penny?" "No." "Well, never mind. How is your mother?" Thereafter, every morning on the way to school, and most afternoons on the way back, this column had a shiny bun.

This experience, after the brass fender, and the inhuman nurse, undoubtedly began a mental phase more favourable to Society, and it was remarked by many how much the good little column liked going to school. But, some months later, there came a bill for eighty or ninety penny buns. The parents, instead of applauding the artful young financier, brutally put a stop to the bun-traffic: and who knows what mischief was done that day?

School became a woeful drudgery: and ever since it earned its first penny this column has had *two distinct and separate minds about the payment of Income Tax*. One of these minds—let us call it Albert—is governed by a strong civic sense. It delights to think that by yielding up a reasonable portion of this column's earnings it can assist the poor, the Germans, and the Defence of the Realm. The other mind—the Dark Mind, Haddock—bitterly resents the whole institution. It works itself into a passion of rage about the Income Tax. It uses fantastic expressions like "impost", "robbery", "vampires", and "State parasites": it questions the purpose of toil and thrift. Sometimes, in conversation with its accountant, it uses even worse words, words which would horrify the mild and dutiful Albert. It was the Haddock mind, no doubt, which, during the Election, prompted a tart reply to a polite demand for a few thousand pounds from one of His Majesty's Collectors of Taxes:

"Sir,—I keep hearing that if Party A are elected there may be

industrial unrest. If Party B are elected there may be income-tax-payers' unrest. Let us wait and see."

Now, the Albert mind could never have thought of that. Naturally, the conflict of the two minds produces a profound spiritual disturbance which generally ends in a visit to the nearest licensed premises. It would be interesting to know if any of this column's readers have had a like experience.

Unhappily, on licensed premises, or at any festive gathering, the symptoms of schizophrenia are even more noticeable and tiresome. The Albert mind is resolutely opposed to the use of alcohol. It is all for restraint in everything. It wants to go home. It refers to the last train. It keeps on saying: "No, no more. Not another", in the firmest possible way. But the wretched Haddock mind will butt in. Haddock never says "No". "Well, just one more" is as far as the Dark Mind goes. It starts talking about the last train; but presently it finds some tempter who undertakes to drive it home. And that is the end.

Is not all this, Uncountable Readers, extremely strange? Do you suppose that the psychiatrists have ever heard of such a thing? Should this column give evidence, or something? Shall it present its split mind to the nation? Willingly, if that will help. And how, more important, should the nation treat the Albert-Haddock schizophrenic unit? Evidently with the greatest indulgence, whether it be income-tax or alcohol. For how can a unit so sharply divided be held responsible for any action, *as a unit*?

What is to be done?

Of course, the really ghastly thing is that, judging by the General Election, the nation has a touch of schizophrenia too. A. P. H.

PETER FRASER

We have learnt with much regret of the death on March 5 of Mr. Peter Fraser, who contributed nearly two hundred drawings to *Punch* between 1912 and 1941. A Scotlander by birth, Mr. Fraser settled in London, and many of his drawings dealt with the Cockney children he met during his work in missions in the Old Kent Road and in Stepney.

AT THE PLAY

The Way Things Go (PHENIX)
John Gabriel Borkman (ARTS)



THE first of the two acts of Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE's *The Way Things Go* might unkindly be described as "The Chiltern Hundreds and Thousands." We are already familiar on the stage with the housekeeping problems of the young but ossified Duke of Bristol, and with his mob of family hangers-on, some of whom are dull company and not well cast. But with the arrival of a stranded American millionaire and his sick daughter—who preserves the clearest of heads in spite of a temperature at which the doctor shudders—the comedy comes suddenly to life.

This unusual girl, to whom Miss GLYNIS JOHNS gives a compelling directness, flutters upstairs between life and death, a victim of love at first sight for her devoted nurse, the Duke's agricultural brother. In the meantime her father, famous as a bridge-player, is tactfully paying for their keep by being cheated at his own game by the more outrageous members of the household. When at last *Mary* is allowed down the idyll is broken; for alone among the Bristols *Gerard* is determined to earn his own money (by what sounded a disastrous mode of farming). He is too independent to

marry a rich wife, and so *Mary* departs for Paris. On the way to the airfield, however, fog traps the couple for the night in a cottage, and in a long scene, that would once no doubt have been considered daring, *Gerard's* old-fashioned prejudices are melted. This episode is in the best vein of Lonsdale, light, amusing and ingeniously manipulated. *Mary* has still a long way to go before persuading her reluctant lover that two million pounds need not be entirely an embarrassment, but she is a most indomitable girl.

Miss JOHNS' performance, poker-faced and husky, is a guarantee that we shall see her often in the future. She gives a whiplash precision to her lines which comes oddly but with startling effect from so much wide-eyed innocence. As *Gerard* Mr. MICHAEL GOUGH, for once permitted to discard inhibition and be just a very nice young man, matches her admirably. Their duet is delightful. One could have wished that Mr. RONALD SQUIRE had come back to us with more to do than can be done by a disreputable uncle sitting malevolently in a corner, but at this he is of course a master. Mr. ROBERT ADAIR is pleasantly big business. Mr. PETER MACDONELL does the honours comically for the Upper House of legend, and



(John Gabriel Borkman)

Deep Depression

John Gabriel Borkman—
Mr. FREDERICK VALK

Mr. KENNETH MORE as the dipsomaniac brother sets a new standard for serious drinkers.

John Gabriel Borkman, ISEN'S sombre and powerful study of a fallen giant and of the struggle of three women—mother, mistress and aunt—for the heart of a youth is to be seen in a very sound production at the Arts by Mr. JOHN FERNALD, who has written the new version with Miss JENNY LAIRD. It is a grimly dramatic play, whose central character is a very different kettle of frustrated Napoleonic from the one I wrote about last week, the hero of "Man of the World." Borkman is as solid as the mountain he climbs to die, and Mr. FREDERICK VALK, though occasionally a little wooden in gesture, endows him with the force and rumble of Niagara. There is a lovely performance by Miss CICELY PAGET-BOWMAN as the aunt, and Miss LOUISE HAMPTON, Miss ELAINE WODSON and Mr. LYNDON BROOK are all good.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

THE HEIRESS—Haymarket—Wendy Hiller and Godfrey Tearle successfully take over a winner.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—Lyric—Late Restoration brilliance.

*TREASURE HUNT—Apollo—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thormlike exquisitely mad.

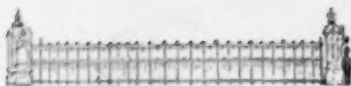
(*Suitable for young people)



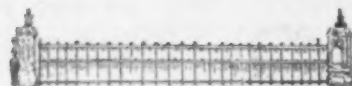
(The Way Things Go)

Outlook Brighter

Gerard—Mr. MICHAEL GOUGH; *Mary Fleming*—Miss GLYNIS JOHNS
Lord Crayne—Mr. RONALD SQUIRE



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 6th

Thoughts inevitably turned to-day to that other Royal opening of a new Parliament, back in 1945, which, by an extraordinary and pleasing coincidence, fell on the day the war against Japan ended. Then, their Majesties drove through excited crowds to a Parliament at least as excited, and the KING read out a speech full of promises of legislation. Afterwards the elated supporters of the Labour Government rose in the House of Commons and sang "The Red Flag" out of sheer exuberance and *joie de vivre*.

To-day was different. Their Majesties had the same roar of welcome from the massed crowds outside, there was colour and pageantry and tradition and historical symbolism, as before. But this time neither the Government nor the Opposition M.P.s showed any excitement—for, as all the world knows, the difference between the strengths of the two sides is a mere half-dozen.

So, few were surprised when, seated on the Throne surrounded by a colourful pageant that drew admiring gasps from a number of American visitors in one of the galleries, the KING read out a speech (prepared, of course, by the Cabinet) which promised nothing and threatened nothing. There was one sentence where the Cabinet, stamping its collective foot defiantly, announced that if the public interest so demanded, it would bring in a Bill—even if it *sees* contentious. Members almost expected to see the words "So there!" added in the printed copies of the speech they collected.

It was certainly not a thrilling programme—and Mr. EDEN, in the Commons soon afterwards, roused no protests when he said it was skinny and weak of limb. Such epoch-making items as a limitation of the right of utility undertakings

to dig up the streets at their own sweet will made up the legislative plan of campaign.

In a short—an incredibly short—time after the ceremony was over, workmen had whisked away the Thrones, the Judges' benches, the Diplomatic Box and all the rest, and restored the Chamber to its workaday appearance. The Commons then returned from a brief sojourn in St. Stephen's Hall.

Having performed their traditional act of independence by giving a Second Reading to the Outlawries

with a gossamer wit and a beaming smile that raised laughs in all the right places and a roar of cheers as she sat down.

Then the debate was open, and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN made one of his rapid, but remarkably detailed, reviews of home and foreign affairs, adding that he and his colleagues would be neither factious nor fractious, but would certainly be an Opposition, as and when necessary.

In the Lords, Lord CROOK politely and smoothly moved the Address of Thanks, which was seconded by Lord WILLIAMS.

Tuesday, March 7th

"House Full" notices might have gone up early, for Mr. CHURCHILL always attracts a great audience, and there was not even standing-space when he rose.

He ragged the Liberals a little (somewhat to their annoyance) and then magnanimously suggested that a Select Committee should be set up to ensure that they got electoral justice in the future, and did not have to make do with nine M.P.s for some two and a half million or so popular votes. He also suggested that the Steel Act should be put into cold storage for a time.

Both of these suggestions Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, for the Government, rejected—the first to the displeasure of the Liberals, the second to their apparent (somewhat puzzling) pleasure, although they are opposed to the nationalization of the industry.

However, Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, their leader, seemed to make it clear that little short of a political atom-bomb would cause the Liberals to join in the expulsion of the Government—until the autumn, at least.

Mr. CHURCHILL expressed his pleasure that the balance of Parties now would ensure that the wishes and views of half the nation would no longer be ridden over rough-shod



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Thurtell (Shoreditch and Finsbury)

Bill, the Commons turned their attention to the Speech from the Throne. And, as this clearly called for a vote of thanks, Mr. SIDNEY DYE was called on to move it.

He did so in a speech which he read with more earnestness than humour, and he did not smile even when the rest of the House (quite regardless of Party divisions) rocked with laughter. Mr. Dye gave the House much strange and incongruous information about the effects of manure, the size of the sheep population, the number of pigs in Norfolk, and the strides the Swaffham Rural District Council had made since it had had the wisdom to include Mr. DYE among its members.

The motion was seconded by Miss ALICE BACON, who, in a neat and amusing speech, succeeded in saying just what she wanted to say



"I can't think what to give Mr. Methuselah for his birthday."

by the Government, and added, with some satisfaction, that he liked the look of the new House a lot better than the old.

Wednesday, March 8th

Mr. PATRICK GORDON-WALKER, new to the Cabinet as Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, faced

House of Commons:
Trial of a Minister

trial in the Commons to-day, for he had to announce the Government's decision that Seretse Khama, of the dynasty of Chiefs of the Bamangwato, should be banned from entering his country for at least five years. Seretse Khama had married a former London typist, Miss Ruth Williams, and there had been trouble with his uncle, Tshekedi, who had been acting as Regent. The Minister handled a difficult matter with tact, good humour and skill.

It was easy to see that the decision was unpopular, and on all sides of the House. As Mr. GORDON-WALKER sat down about half the House rose to ask further questions.

Mr. CHURCHILL himself was well to the fore, and put a series of searching queries about the reasons for the decision. Eventually a Labour Member gave notice that he would raise a debate later, and Mr. CHURCHILL rounded off a not very happy episode with the comment: "A very disreputable transaction!"

Thursday, March 9th

Having spent the morning in amity doing honour to the President

of the French Republic and Madame Auriol,

M.P.s returned to their more normal strife as the House assembled. For this was *The Day*—the day of the first division of the new Parliament, and the atmosphere was as tense as anyone could desire.

The Conservatives had tabled an amendment to the Loyal Address complaining that the iron and steel industry was being kept in suspense and anxiety by the Government. It was made clear by Mr. ANTHONY EDEN during the debate that what

was asked for was a firm declaration that nothing would be done about nationalization until nine months or so after the next general election.

Mr. EDEN's speech was by far the best of the debate. It was argumentative and even "tough" in parts, but it was all done with such good humour and felicity of phrase that he was heard in respectful silence even on the excited Government benches.

When Mr. ATTLEE wound up the debate he scarcely referred to the steel industry, but said a good deal about other Parties and their alleged electoral ambitions and tactics. He also complained that the critical amendment was a "Party political move"—a remark which made Mr. CHURCHILL laugh sardonically.

However, the vote was taken, and the result (declared in a silence that could almost be felt) was: For the Government, 310; against, 296—Government majority 14.

Was it merely your scribe's fancy that the sighs of relief seemed to come from *both* sides of the House?

ABOUT SO BIG

I WAS standing at the far end of the bar, quite ten yards from the group of pre-prandial drinkers in the corner by the pin-table, and yet I knew exactly what turn their eager, laughing conversation had taken. And I am no lip-reader. When I see a man raise his hands to chest height with palms facing and thumbs cocked, and when the space between them becomes the focal point for half a dozen pairs of eyes I know what is going on. In recent months I have myself been called upon to make this gesture with sickening frequency. It is part of the price that any televiewer pays for his pioneering, if he is indiscreet enough to mention it in public. . . .

"Oh, no," he says, in an unguarded moment, "it wasn't like that at all. Fishwick's report in the *Times Argus* was wildly out. What happened was this: whateisname collected the ball near the half-way line and booted it over to the left. Gordon smacked it across to the right, Jones ran in and hit it first

time and the Wanderers' left-back deflected it into the net. Every detail of the move was perfectly clear on the television screen."

There is a short, uneasy silence. Mouths that were wide open in readiness for speech slowly close. "Fool!" says the televiewer under his breath. "Blithering fool!"

"You've got a television set then?" somebody says.

"That's right," says the televiewer resignedly, "that's where I saw the incident—on television."

"I didn't know you had a television set," says Bowler Hat.

"Is it all right, I mean can you see things clearly?" says Five O'clock Shadow.

"Perfectly."

"But isn't the screen very small? I've only seen it in the advertisements, but it certainly looks small."

"Come to think of it, it's bound to look rather small in advertisements," says the televiewer. (But sarcasm won't help him.)

"About how big is it then?" says Club Tie.

"Well, my screen's nine inches wide."

"You mean about so big," says Bowler Hat, striking the pose of a man winding wool with his wife.

The televiewer winces, with his eyelids at half-mast.

"About that," he says.

The gap between the two palms is examined critically.

"Not very big, is it?" says Five O'clock Shadow. "I should have thought—"

"The next time you're at the cinema," says the televiewer, realizing that there is no escape and that he must fight his way out, "measure the size of the screen—just like that, with your two hands. You'll be surprised how small it seems."

"Yes," says Club Tie, "I dare say it *would* seem pretty small. I suppose we just get used to it."

"But how far away from the thing d'you sit?" says Bowler Hat.

"Oh, about four or five feet. Some people sit much farther back; others sit right on top of it."

"Four or five feet, eh," says the Melton and Umbrella. He backs away from the group and stands gazing at his tankard. "About this distance, would you say?"

"That's right—four or five feet."

"And d'you get good reception?" says Bowler Hat, looking from the Melton and Umbrella to the tankard and back.

"Excellent, as a rule."

"Isn't there a lot of interference from cars, planes and so on?"

"There's a certain amount; depends where you live."

"Are the programmes good?" says Five O'clock Shadow. "I've heard—"

"D'you think it will hit the cinemas?" says Club Tie.

"Doesn't it strain the eyes?" says Bowler Hat.

"You did say nine inches wide?" says the Melton and Umbrella.

"I think so," says the televiewer, raising his hands to chest height with palms facing and thumbs cocked. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Phosphorus, iron, potassium, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and calcium. That's what little girls are made of."

BOOKING OFFICE

Stranger than Fiction

TWO thirds of Mr. Russell Braddon's book, *The Piddingtons*, is such a racy account of life as a P.O.W. in Malaya that it is a pity it was not published separately. So enlightening a contribution to the queerer social history of the war deserves to stand on its own; as it is, this coolly understated record of the courage and almost incredible hardships of the prisoners at Changi may be forgotten as quickly as the passing squabble about telepathy with which it closes. Not that Changi was irrelevant to the meteoric success of the Piddingtons, for there Sydney Piddington, turning in boredom to a digest article on thought-transference, discovered that he possessed unusual powers, and, working with the author, who shared his tent, developed them to a pitch that triumphed over all the tests eagle-eyed and highly suspicious men could devise. While thus engaged he had the least enviable job in the camp, of hiding and operating a secret radio.

This part of the book is written from the point of view of a rather disgruntled private soldier who had the right, he claims, to feel disgruntled as a member of an army which was first exhorted to fight on—a thing it had the warmest intention of doing—and was then infuriated by the capitulation of Singapore. His profound impatience with high-ups and planners leads him into being sweepingly unfair to Lord Wavell, as it also leads him later into the same treatment of the B.B.C.; but his impetuous judgments can easily be forgiven for his sober and telling description of the nightmare of Changi. Mr. Braddon, who has a nice turn of humour, thinks poorly of Commodore Perry for opening up Japan.

When the Piddingtons, having made radio history in Australia with their act, came to this country Mr. Braddon joined them. He tells amusingly, if not always with exaggerated tact, how they trampled on apathy and became famous overnight. After reading this book it seems to me far easier to believe the Piddingtons genuine than frauds. But I think its publishers, having been lucky enough to obtain such beautiful drawings of Changi, done on the spot, might have taken the trouble to get the artist's name right on the title-page. He is Ronald, not Robert, Searle.

Addicts of detective literature who have grown tired of omniscient dons in dinner-jackets can refresh their simple taste with the less erudite realities of *Twelve Against the Law*, a detailed and exciting examination of the methods by which the American police have tackled a dozen particularly baffling crimes. Its author, Mr. Edward R. Radin, holds that applied psychology is the policeman's most potent weapon, and certainly these cases bear out his theory. They are delightfully picturesque. Stool-pigeons and undercover agents are contacted like anything. The commanders of homicide squads race everywhere, when they are not speeding to the scene, and while their sirens wail they mull strenuously over clues, before, of

course, flashing their shields. Everybody's weight is faithfully recorded, in pounds. We meet, and who would not wish to, the gilded café society set. Prowl cars abound. This is a very readable book, but Mr. Radin must learn that no amount of applied psychology will float a yacht uphill to Mougins.

It seemed a promising idea to investigate the sensationally psychic personalities of Swedenborg, Johann Jetzer, St. Mary Magdalene de' Pazzi, Hadrian Beverland, and of that remarkable medium Eusapia Palladino; and while he sticks to the facts of their extraordinary performances Dr. E. J. Dingwall is interesting. His sifting of the controversies to which their phenomena gave rise, however, I found excessively long-winded. He appears to have browsed much among the most tortuous crannies of German scholarship, and his text is heavy with notes pointing to the obscurer and sometimes more repellent byways of Continental research. Readers who do not feel irresistibly drawn, for instance, to C. F. von Schliegtroll's "Der Flagellantiemus im Altertum," may find the conclusions of *Very Peculiar People* a little tedious. ERIC KEOWs

Multum in Cymru

Animal, vegetable, or mineral? This composite volume by three expert hands provides twenty thousand answers to those three questions about the natural, historical and geological features of the Welsh mountain region. This reviewer's impression of *Snowdonia* is that it is as heavy going for the simple reader as the hill country it describes is for the simple walker. Particularly for the reader who just wants to know something of the background of a new, or only partly familiar, terrain. That reader will be baffled, furthermore, by the welter of detail, by the feeling that the only



"Lor' lummy, ain't you blokes found that body yet?"

genuinely Welsh thing about the work lies in the spelling of the place-names, and by a conviction that the English glossary merely bestows an air of plausibility on an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. The photographs—many of them in colour—compensate for the failure of the text to bring the subject-matter to life; though here again none of them succeeds in suggesting even the grim blackness of rock, which is as Welsh as the red gold so much of it so sparingly contains. Nevertheless, as an all-round survey the book, if ponderous, is praiseworthy. It is like prosody, which tells you everything you can possibly want to know about poetry, except what poetry is.

R. C. S.

A Musician's Memories

For *What We Have Received* is a book for which it is quite easy to be truly thankful. Contemporary autobiography so often takes the form of morbid self-analysis or embittered social criticism that it is refreshing to meet a cheerful extrovert like Mr. Francis Toye, who enjoyed even his school days and has ever since been finding the world, on the whole, an amusing place to live in. Not, by any means, that he is uncritical: he can be caustic on due occasion and has a well-developed bump of irreverence. But his frankness cuts both ways: he is no more ashamed to bless than he is afraid to curse. If music and musicians naturally hold a major place among his memories he has moved in a variety of worlds with an observant eye. And if the socio-artistic scene in its progress from Edwardian days to the gloomy 'thirties is familiar ground his presentation of it is always unhackneyed and lively.

F. R.



"You'll have to carry on, Joe—towel's not back from laundry yet."

A Novelist's Exercises

Marcel Proust's *Letters to a Friend* are interesting only because Proust himself is interesting. They contain a few comments on other writers and one discussion of anti-clericalism and anti-Semitism which may interest historians of modern France as the view of an intelligent non-partisan, but their real importance is that they show what Proust's sensibility was like when not under the discipline of Art. We see some of the emotional experience behind his novel before it was mastered by his will. The schoolgirl gush with which he addresses his friend, M. de Lauris, is sometimes comic and sometimes repulsive. He groans about his health, plays the poor little rich boy and discusses with anguish whether his correspondent likes him or is merely kind to him. When M. de Lauris lost his mother Proust wrote him letter after letter on the theme of personal loss which, though quite genuine in feeling, are obviously exercises for use when he reached the death of his grandmother in his novel.

R. G. G. P.

Knight's Move

To write a novel you have either to distil a philosophy or to find a vehicle for one; and the historical novel, taking the second way, demands from both writer and reader an extra measure of imagination and intelligence. That is perhaps why such fine romances as *The Quiet Light* are getting rare. The pattern of the book is Sir Walter's: a typical pair of lovers find their otherwise inconspicuous fortunes linked up with those of greater, though subsidiary, figures, Piers Rudde and his Theodora being involved in the momentous orbits of Frederick II and Aquinas. Their age's depths, for lack of science, are less grisly than our own. Its heights are incomparably greater, as thought and Gothic aspire heavenward together. It has, too, its humours; and Mr. Louis de Wohl's dramatic opening—when the excommunicated Emperor, complete with elephants, giraffes and women, requisitions a Benedictine monastery—deploys the picturesque if not very subtle tomfoolery that set off the inspiration of mystics and troubadours.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Pablingtons*. Russell Braddon. (Werner Laurie, 8/6).
Twelve Against the Law. Edward R. Radin. (Heinemann, 10/6).
Very Peculiar People. E. J. Dingwall. (Rider, 18/-).
Snowdonia. F. J. North, Bruce Campbell and Richenda Scott. (Collins, 21/-).
For What We Have Received. Francis Toye. (Heinemann, 16/-).
Letters to a Friend. Marcel Proust; translated by Alexander and Elizabeth Henderson. (The Falcon Press, 9/6).
The Quiet Light. Louis de Wohl. (Gollancz, 12/6).

Other Recommended Books

- Below Suspicion*. John Dickson Carr. (Hamish Hamilton, 8/6). One of Mr. Carr's most ingenious plots, with the usual occult trimmings and Dr. Fell harrumphing prodigiously. An admirable whodunit.
Tudor England. S. T. Bindoff. (Penguin Books, 1/6). First volume to appear of an interesting project: the Pelican History of England, in eight volumes, each by a different authority. General editor, J. E. Morpurgo.

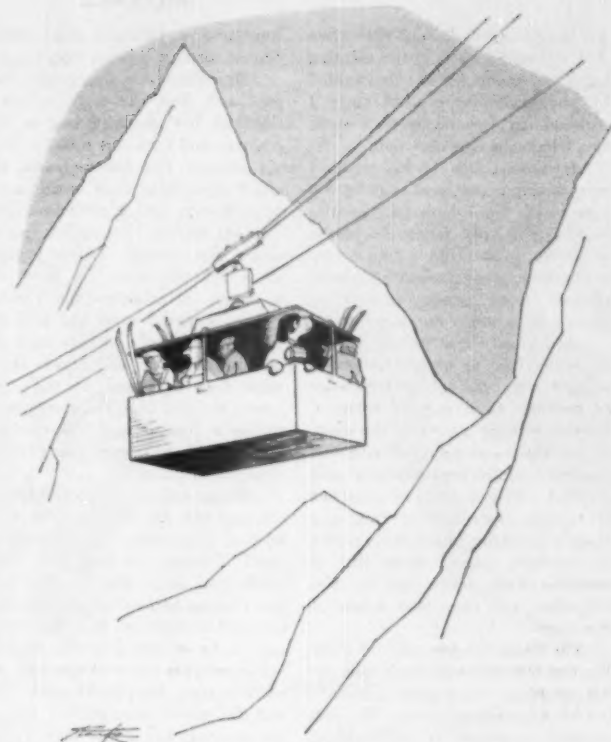
SALUTE THE SCIENTIST

WE are all here. We have to be, since, with the exception of the kitchen, which is uncomfortable, this is the only room in which it is warm enough to sit. It is dark, on account of the television set, which is still very much the new toy. My sisters Gloriana and Alexandrina have the best seats and squeak and coo excitedly. Theodore puffs at his pipe approvingly. Auguste, who once unfortunately made a momentary appearance before the cameras in "Picture Page," is regrettably apt to pose as an authority on television in general. He affects to comment on such things as cross-fades and camera angles, but of course everyone knows that he is really only a journeyman tallow-chandler, and pays no attention.

Gloriana in her excitement keeps on getting in the light of Hereward, her husband, and Hereward's complaints indicate that he is following the entertainment more closely than he is prepared to admit.

I alone am unable to see, as I am sitting somewhat withdrawn, in another corner near the fire. For one thing, I feel there is something about television variety that appeals most strongly to the less experienced viewer; and for another, I do not care to get a crick in the neck in the effort to obtain a meniscoid view of the edge of the screen. Plenty of noise is coming from the loudspeaker, and from the comments of the audience I gather that the programme is being favourably received.

And how many of the millions of viewers—or however many it is—give a thought to all the wonders that they never see? How many ever pause to reflect on the amount of research, argument, organization and so on required to send a Lancashire comedian speeding in all directions through the night air at a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second? Devilish few, no doubt. People take things for granted. Hereward, for example. During the war, when he was lurking in the ocean depths, or sneaking into port with a new 1, 2 or X sewn



on to his Jolly Roger, did he ever spare a thought for the inventor of the periscope or the devoted Wrena who polished the copper tubes inside his torpedoes? I don't know.

But as I sit here, "*dans ce petit coin sombre avec mon noir chagrin*," I like to think of the back-room boys. In my mind's eye I see a green-eye-shaded, shirt-sleeved figure bending over a huge drawing-board. At his elbow are an ash-tray full of drawing-pins and a saucer full of cigarette-ends, while under his fingers delicate machinery is coming into being. Of course he is only a cog. I know; his mite of loving labour but a fraction of the tremendous whole. And, when all is done, what have we? Why, a complex thing that can take the thought of a writer and, in the twinkling of an eye almost, transform it into a

visual image, clearly intelligible in black-and-white and fit to be received by king, queen, knave, apothecary or little child. Push-button stuff too, most of it, and the occasional twiddling of a knob.

Let those others cluster with eyes like ping-pong balls about their little screen, heedless of all save the bright lights, the loud noises and the interference of passing motor cars. For myself, I am content to sit here and meditate upon the marvels of the scientific age in which we live. A toast, then, to the wizards of the century of progress and the ingenuity of man. I refer in particular to those responsible for the noiseless portable typewriter, which frees me from the shackles of television and enables me to go on writing in the dark.

MORALE

IN the shameful days of yore when I was still a slave of the nicotine habit my moral sense was clouded by the smoke-fumes, but since I stubbed my last cigarette a week ago I have been a new man.

I realized this to-day when I was waiting in our local shop for my turn to use the telephone. Besides housing the only public telephone at our end of Munton-on-Sea, Briggs also sells a great variety of goods, ranging from penny stamps to electric-light bulbs and cigarettes.

As I stood there waiting for the telephone-box to exude the stout woman who was telling the story of her life to a distant relative, Brigadier Hogg came into the shop. He put three-and-six on the counter, glanced round conspiratorially, and grunted. Briggs whipped a packet of twenty cigarettes of Brigadier Hogg's favourite brand from under the counter, passed them with a secretive and guilty air to the Brigadier, and then said it was a nice day.

The Brigadier grunted and went out, and Johnson-Clitheroe came in. His technique was slightly different, but equally reprehensible. He put one-and-ninence on the counter, winked at Briggs in a knowing manner and then pocketed his packet of ten with the speed of a professional conjurer and went out

humming a piratical ditty about fifteen men on a dead man's chest.

Mrs. Entwistle, shopping for her husband, was the next criminal. She put her shopping-bag on the counter and took out a cod's head, six oranges, two library books, the small clock from their sitting-room mantelpiece, and a cabbage. This enabled her to locate her purse, which she opened. After peering short-sightedly into the purse for a couple of minutes she handed Briggs a pound note and said she was very sorry not to have the right change and she could not think what had happened to the half-crown she had from the greengrocer unless it was in with the sprouts, and would he very much mind changing a pound?

Briggs said it was no trouble at all, and had Mr. Entwistle said he wanted them with tips or without tips? Usually, he said, Mr. Entwistle had them without tips, but last time he had asked for tips, and he could have either. Mrs. Entwistle said to be on the safe side he had better make it ten with tips and ten without tips. He passed them over and she buried them guiltily among the sprouts, hid them with a top dressing of oranges, cods' heads, sitting-room clocks, cabbages and library books, and slunk out.

It shocked me to the core to

think that a short week ago I had myself shared with these bad types the shame of those same anti-social activities. I now saw clearly that it was just this sort of thing that was undermining the nation's morale, breeding juvenile delinquents, giving us our thirst for unearned dollars, and generally hastening the time when all our pomp of yesterday would be one with Nineveh and Tyre.

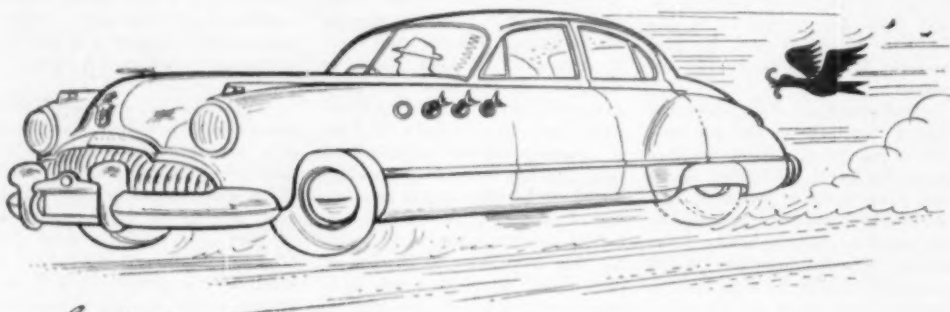
"Briggs," I said earnestly, "the war has been over four years. Don't you think it is time we stopped all this under-the-counter business? Be a man, Briggs, and strike a blow for fair play and honesty. Display your cigarettes on the shelves, and let it be first come and first served."

He grinned.

"I haven't refused anybody cigarettes since October," he told me. "Once the summer visitors have gone I'm rarely out of stock of anything. All my customers could buy what they want quite openly at the other end of the town, but they get a kick out of buying them under the counter, and why should I rob them of the one bit of pleasure in their grey lives?"

He slipped me twenty Red Perils, and I had lighted up and put down the money from sheer force of habit before I realized what had happened.

D. H. BARBER



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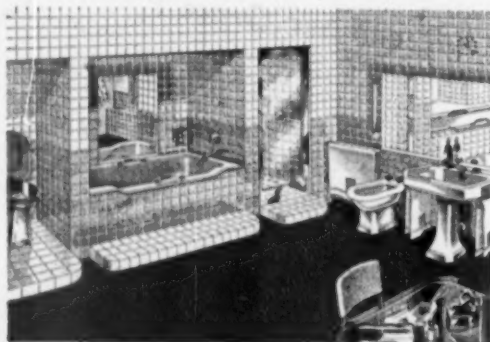
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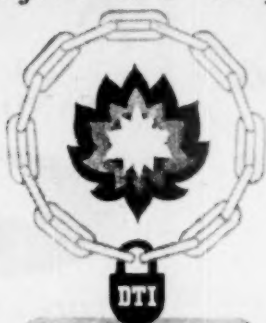


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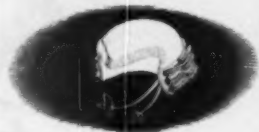
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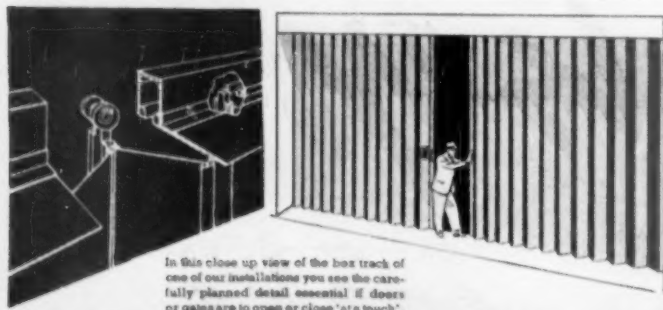
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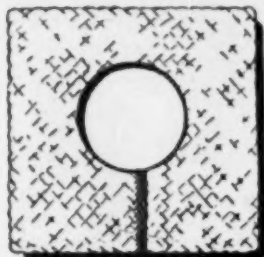
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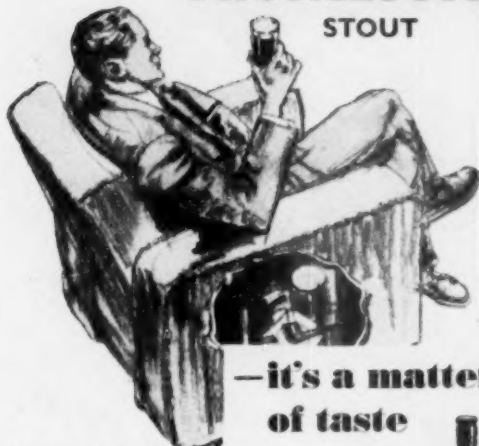
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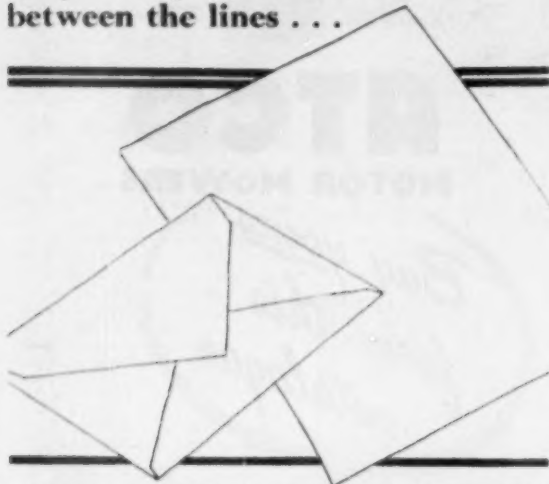


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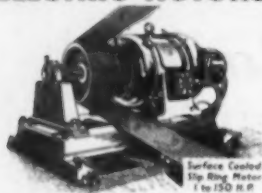
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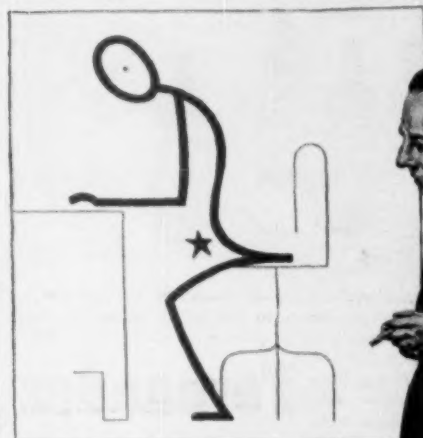
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Today Britain can still call upon men of Harrison's perseverance and inventive skill — and in these times Britain needs the best efforts of all of us. The electricity industry is playing its part. Enormous efforts are being made to increase our supplies of electrical power. And at the same time new methods of applying this power will give us greater economy and efficiency in our factories and make our home lives more comfortable.



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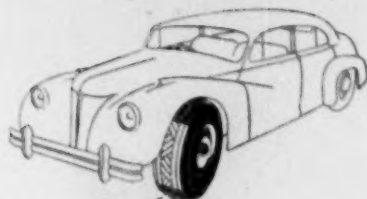
Good grooming plays a big part in the sort of impression you make—and smart, healthy hair is essential to good grooming. For this reason smart men the world over enjoy the double benefit of Brylcreem: (1) Day-long smartness. (2) Lasting hair-health. Massaged well into the scalp, Brylcreem gives the roots a chance, encouraging natural hair growth. Its pure, emulsified oils spread evenly over the head, removing Dandruff and giving life and lustre to Dry Hair. Brylcreem controls the hair without gumming, keeps it soft and glossy all through the day. Be well groomed—Brylcreem your hair, too.

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There's plenty of hot water in New Zealand. Nature provides the geysers. There are Maoris and earthquakes and enormous trout in mountain streams. And then the sheep—millions and millions of sheep, barked at in vast herds by far-ranging drovers' dogs. There are nearly as many sheep in New Zealand as there are men, women and children in Great Britain. *Prime Canterbury Lamb*. What tender promise of less lean days to come! Meanwhile we're grateful for a couple of little chops on the ration now and then.

Some of us in this country are privileged to be able to do quite a bit to bring that hoped-for plenteous tomorrow a little more clearly into view.

We in the Nuffield Organization, for example, have been able to ship to New Zealand over 12,000 vehicles since the war. That pays for well over £3,600,000 of "best end of the neck" or "tender little shoulders" to grace the Sunday table. The motorists and transport operators and farmers of New Zealand have paid a very genuine and much appreciated

compliment to the skill and experience which the Nuffield workers of Cowley and Birmingham, Coventry and Abingdon have built into the Morris, Wolseley, Riley and MG cars, the Morris-Commercial vehicles and the Nuffield Tractors which are rolling off the assembly lines in their thousands.

The day will come when we at home here, as well as our good friends in New Zealand, will be able to have a new Nuffield car and a nice leg of lamb whenever we want them.

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